

LANDING OF LORD SANDWICH AT TANGIERS IN 1662
(FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF C. TOWER, ESQ. AT WEALD HALL, ESSEX)

EDWARD ARNOLD, LONDON 1902

A RIDE IN MOROCCO

AMONG

BELIEVERS AND TRADERS

Agnes Fraser

BY

FRANCES MACNAB, pseud.

AUTHOR OF

'RELICS,' 'ON VELDT AND FARM,' 'BRITISH COLUMBIA FOR SETTLERS,' ETC.

'Gibraltar was not the first place that England occupied in the Mediterranean. Another place had been previously held and abandoned—one of far greater intrinsic value, and of incalculable commercial possibilities—Tangiers.'

W. F. LORD: *England and France in the Mediterranean*

LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD

1902

TO MY DEAR HORSE

CONRAD,

TO MY FAITHFUL KAID

EL HASHMY,

TO MY TRUSTY MULE

MOOLEETA

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK,

WHICH THEY HAVE HELPED ME TO WRITE.

PREFACE

THE following pages require no preface, but I should like to say that they are intended for readers who may feel disposed to travel in Morocco, rather than for those persons who already know the country.

My travels were confined to the beaten highway. I started with no special object. Anyone with very little experience of travelling other than by railways could do the same. But it would be desirable that they should first make themselves familiar with the general conditions of the country, and it is certainly an advantage to know something of the language.

I may add that, having had no previous relations with the near or far East, I saw Morocco entirely from a Western standpoint. To my surprise, I found this strip of Africa offered problems of great importance to the uttermost parts of our Empire; and was sufficiently attractive to the United States to furnish the occasion for a naval demonstration.

I am emboldened to write of what I saw in this coastal plain, feeling that many Westerns may be drawn there; and that to many others who may never go so far my ride in Morocco may offer somewhat special interest.

THE AUTHOR.

SOUTH WEALD,
February, 1902.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

* The above picture is a reproduction from an oil-painting in the possession of Christopher Tower, Esq., of Weald Hall, Essex. It represents the landing of Lord Sandwich in 1662 from the *Royal Charles* at Tangiers to take possession of part of the dowry of Catharine of Braganza. The date of the picture is believed to be early in the eighteenth century.

CHAPTER XV

A DOUAR OF THE BENI HASSAN—THE APPROACH TO RABAT—SALLI — THE SLAVE MARKET — PRISONERS AT THE KASBAH

We rode on, leaving the sea and some smaller lagoons, we turned inland and crossed the road which runs from Mequinez and Fez to Rabat. This was the country of the Beni Hassan, an Arab tribe, and very truculent. There was a discussion amongst our Moors, which ended in taking us off the road only to come back again. First Mehemmet came to me with a tragic countenance, and, drawing his hand across his throat, said that the people in these villages would cut my throat unless I stopped at the Sultan's village close by. This did not suit me, as I wanted to reach Rabat as soon as possible, so I said: 'All right. I shall go on for another hour or so, and if you are afraid when you get there, you may go back.' Then the laugh turned against Mehemmet, and I found that the other men were quite willing to go on.

At last we turned off the road going inland, and up a hill on the top of which was a douar, where we camped for the night.

Other travellers were before us, and the whole centre of the douar* was taken up by a caravan of camels, about ten in number. There were besides a herd of sheep belonging

* Village of Bedouin tents.

to the village, some goats, mules, and donkeys, and one mare tethered to a tent by herself.

The douar was formed of tents arranged in a circle, with their backs outside. The little space between them was blocked by thorns, and even when the thorns were removed it was so narrow that a camel could only enter by being long in the legs, while my pack-mules fairly stuck. I had dismounted immediately on reaching the douar, and loosened Conrad's girths while he grazed, and finding that we had to camp inside, I led him through the enclosure. He does not lead very well, and I took him myself, because he is always sure that I never jerk his mouth. To my surprise, he stepped through the narrow entrance and over the tent-ropes as 'to the manner born,' and created quite a sensation among the youth of the village. There was a rush towards him; a dozen hands were stretched out to take the bridle or catch hold of the saddle or pat the horse. Conrad accepted the admiration and the welcome with great good-humour. It is town Moors whom he abominates, and he used to cause poor Mohammed Jellally to sin many times in the early morning, by lifting his fez by the blue tassel and flicking it away from him. Mohammed ran to recover his fez, shaking his head and saying that the horse knew he was the 'señorita's horse, and could do these things.'

From my horse the scrambling, howling crowd turned their attention to me. But not rudely, only in open-mouthed astonishment, asking innumerable questions which I could not understand. One old man put out a bony hand to the straw hat which I wore, which was not made like Moorish hats of palmetto. He held forth to the rest about that straw hat, and at last ventured to feel the brim round with his long fingers. Then the crowd departed suddenly to question the Kaid about us, and stand staring at us from a distance.

Meanwhile they had taken Mrs. Greathed to see a little

wild boar tethered and treated as a pet, and asked her if that was what she ate.

As it grew dark, we took all our possessions into the tent, and it was fairly crammed. We had it well pegged down all round, for the Arabs are clever thieves, and will slip their hands inside under the canvas.

Each tent had a fire outside for cooking the evening meal. It was a strange scene—the tents all round, with the stars above; the camels, goats, and sheep, and these wild-looking natives, sheltering altogether. They had to send two miles for water, and it was very difficult to get any for our own use, though I offered as much as a peseta for drink for my horse and mule. Each tent had at least one savage dog, and what with these brutes and the camels and sheep we expected a disturbed night. But soon the light of the fires went out, the tents were closed, the dogs ceased to fight, and we slept soundly till daybreak.

The camels were the first to be up and away, and I was glad when I heard them go snarling through the thorn-bushes. As soon as they were gone, I took Mehemmet, who could speak a little Spanish, and went round the village.

Each tent had two compartments. In one side the inmates slept, in the other they plied their occupations. The headman of the village accompanied me, and he was very friendly. There were two women in one tent, engaged in that closest of partnerships, the grinding at the mill. In another a woman sat grinding alone, or, rather, waiting for her friend to return. I asked to be allowed to take her place. I was astonished to find what hard work it was. In the next tent a woman was weaving a white woollen material, like a very coarse homespun. She had no shuttle, but drew the thread through with her fingers, and combed it down into its place with a large comb. Other women in other tents were busy carding wool or winding it, and some were spinning. Outside one tent I found several hanks of rough, dark-brown

yarn. On examining it, I found it to be the kind of palmetto yarn of which their tents are woven, and which is drawn from the brown fibrous casing on the palmetto. These tents were made of very wide material, similar to what we know as cocoanut matting, but much stronger, thicker, and more closely woven.

There was a tent standing by itself out of the regular circle. In this a tailor sat cutting and sewing jellabas, and round him were collected the youth of the village engaged in learning to read and recite the Koran and to write Arabic characters with reed pens. All the young men had gone out herding cattle, or taking wool or produce to the town of Rabat.

The old headman was so friendly and kind that I wanted to make him a present by way of good-fellowship. But I had nothing very suitable. Some cigarettes and a box of matches were promptly taken from him by his pet grand-child, who hung on his arm, and to whom he seemed able to refuse nothing. He wanted us to give him some of our enamel hardware, but we could not spare a bit of it. Mrs. Greathed had, fortunately, some safety-pins, and these charmed the women.

I should have liked to stay much longer among these people. A more strange mixture of pastoral and industrial life, with brigandage and murder, it would be difficult to imagine. These villages were always having fights and attacking each other—either on the score of vendetta or of cattle-lifting. But the industrial and trading instinct was very strong, and if a chance of military service were given the young men, and they could be drafted off upon active service for a year or two, I believe the restlessness which makes thieves and robbers of them would wear out in time. Their women were not veiled, and it struck me that they were treated with great respect.

After many 'good-byes' we rode off to regain the broad

Fez road, along which, for how many centuries nobody knows, the caravans have passed carrying the gold, slaves and ivory of the desert down to the coast.

The approach to the city of Rabat, or rather Salli, in the light of the morning sun was one of the most beautiful things I have ever seen.

We were riding up a broad, straight highway, some fifty yards across, of sand so deep that no footstep could be heard. Either side was lined with a deep row of gray cactus backed by the overhanging branches of fig-trees in the brilliant green of spring attire. At the far end of the vista, where the blue sky dropped down to the earth, stood a dazzling white city of square houses and straight-lined walls, and domes glistening in the vivid light, while all along the road came the slow-paced camels with their noiseless, swinging stride, and heavy-laden mules and toiling donkeys, raising a little cloud of dust. Now and then a party of grand Moors, bound for Fez, rode past in high-peaked scarlet saddles, and dressed in dark-blue cloaks and fine white drapery, or the pointed fez of a soldier made one bright spot of colour far off.

For two miles or more my eyes were chiefly attracted to the city as it slowly rose before us. It was Salli of the rovers—Salli where Robinson Crusoe was a slave. There were vineyards on either side of the road, and nightingales sang most sweetly and doves cooed and complained.

Leaving Salli on our right, after passing the usual mounds of filth, we crossed the Bû Ragrag in a boat, and taking the Kaid and Abd el Kader with me, I rode to the British Consulate.

Mr. Neroutsos received me very kindly, but he did not give me much hope of being able to do anything for Abd el Kader. He advised me to apply to Sir Arthur Nicholson, but he feared that I had not ground sufficient to give Abd el Kader protection myself, and in all probability no one could

be found on the spur of the moment who had the power to do so, either. He himself did not know of anyone. He called Abd el Kader into the office and questioned him a good deal, and told me that he was favourably impressed with him.

The next day we went to Salli, accompanied by Mr. Bensaade, his servant and the Consul's soldier. The sun was blazing, and it was very hot, which made the row across the water all the pleasanter.

The Bashaw was away, but inside the gate we were met by the Kalipha's soldiers, the Consul having written to him and asked for a guard for us, and under this escort we walked round the double walls and through the narrow, winding streets of Salli. Built by the pirates with money accumulated by sea-robbers, this town was one of the finest I had visited, and was kept in fairly good repair. We went through streets where one house after another was a palace, and I was told that the Moors living there are very rich by some means or other. There are no exports or imports, or any manufactures to speak of. No European is allowed to live in the town, or even to stop there for a single night; and the Jews are very closely confined to their Mellâh.

The town walls are in such repair that they look as though only recently built, and in the grand houses of the Moors are twisted columns and carved capitals borrowed from Venetian art. There is a special feeling of mystery about Salli, and the hostility displayed to Europeans increased the feeling that one was treading upon dark and secret ground.

We visited some houses and drank innumerable cups of tea, and some wine at the Israelites', and we went outside the city to sit in the Bashaw's garden. Even with our strong guard we did not escape being screamed at and cursed for Christian dogs that we were. Perhaps it was fortunate that we did not understand all that was said.

Children took up stones and threw them at us, and were whacked on the head by the soldiers. One man, who said or did something intolerable, was immediately chased up a side-street by both soldiers, and I heard him being beaten at the end by the servant who carried a stick.

In the soko we saw for the first time some of the 'braves' who live in the hills and wear their hair long as a sign that they are desperadoes and prepared for any devilment. They seldom come into a town, and their surprise and curiosity respecting us was remarkable. One was a dark man—he might have been a Spaniard. The other had fair hair, as fine as silk, and with a red tinge in it like burnished copper. They were so absorbed in watching us that they appeared to be unconscious of anything else. It was like the gaze of a wild animal, intent, mystified, alert. I felt that one could make terms with them, and reach a point very similar to that which it is possible to arrive at with most wild things. But domesticated these creatures would never become. They were wilder than hawks. Their courage I doubt, but not their craft, cunning, or treachery. Their faces were not brave, but thievish.

The oranges were delicious, and we had been short of them since leaving El Kasar. We sat in the soko eating one after the other under the shade of a mat awning, and the soldiers kept the crowd off us. Then Mr. Bensaade's servant brought some water in a pannikin from a water-jar which stood there, and poured it over our hands in a refreshing stream. In this market slaves were sold which the pirates collected in their ships from all parts of the Mediterranean, and even from the coast of Ireland. Very fine mats are made at Salli of the rushes which grow in great abundance outside. The Arabs use them for sleeping upon in their tents, and every hut I went into had its rush mat. But these at Salli were very large and of mixed colours—red, white, and blue—woven in very good and even intricate

patterns, which the weavers appear to keep in their heads, for when we saw them at work they had no design to guide them.

About half of the Rabat imports go to Salli, for there is a large covered market where nothing but Manchester goods are sold. The shops were very good, and there was altogether a greater air of substance and wealth about Salli than any town I went into, Marakish not excepted. I wondered where the money came from, but I never found out. I suspect that the hill-men came there to do their shopping in preference to Rabat, which is more European.

While we were sitting in the cotton-market enjoying the shade, a little slave-boy of about seven years of age ran down from a passage in the bazaar to fill a little drinking-mug at one of the stone jars which stand at intervals to serve that purpose. He let down the small bucket, drew it up, but there was only very little water. The jar was almost empty. The expression of disappointment and dismay on the baby face was touching. Then a Jew—a young man—went and let down the bucket skilfully and poured into the little mug all he could get, encouraging the child with kind words to drink it and make the best of it. His manner was so gentle that the little fellow's face brightened, and he drank the small draught with gusto, and ran back to his master's house with a smile on his face.

The heat was great, and the sun poured through the trellis and the thin mats slung across the streets to make a shade. We went outside the city, to walk in the Bashaw's garden, through the north gate, and past the cemetery where the Christian slaves were buried; then down a hill to where a small stream met the Bû Ragrag.

It is up the long valley formed by this stream that the Bashaw's garden extends. It was laid out and planted by slaves, and is still maintained by slave labour. It was the richest and by far the best-kept garden I saw in Morocco.

We walked up a path under a grove of orange-trees whose petals whitened the ground. Then we came to pomegranates bursting into flower. There were sweet lemons, apricots, peaches, figs, and vines; and a stream of the clearest water ran gurgling and sparkling like crystal where the sunlight fell upon it through the foliage. We sat down to rest by a tank where the ground was green with moss and ferns, under the shade of a mulberry-tree, whose branches met those of a gigantic orange, and here we listened to the singing of the nightingales. Our retinue was increased by the man who had the charge of the garden, and who was most anxious that we should see the whole of it. That it was extensive we had already proved, but something must be allowed for Moorish exaggeration when he declared that it would take us three days to get to the end of it.

Salli, with its grand houses and foreign air, was built to be self-contained and for pleasure, judging by the gardens within the walls and air of old-time luxury. The rift in history caused by the fall of the Moors and the recession of Spain, when each in turn became wrapped in the rigidity of fanaticism, was impressed on Salli.

The initial blunder was the failure of Christianity in Spain. There was a time when, with a little breadth and statesmanship, Christianity *might* have won, or, at least, held its ground as an influence. But—

'The Spaniard, when the lust of sway
   Had lost its quickening spell,
Cast crowns for rosaries away,
   An empire for a cell.
A strict accountant of his beads,
A subtle disputant on creeds,
   His dotage trifled well;
Yet better had he neither known
A bigot's shrine nor despot's throne.'

And now Salli, with its streets closed to the infidel, lest their polluting feet should come too near their holy mosques

and shrines (for there were streets through which we might not pass), and the narrow bitterness which shuts out Europeans, the forbidding hatred and contempt which shrouds all life and thought, was typical of the strongest and deepest, the most implacable, Mohammedanism.

And how proud they were! With what hauteur they swept past us in the streets, with a curse under their breath! I tried to picture what they must feel. They may no longer defy that mysterious force which lies behind in the regions beyond Spain. They dare not enslave the infidel or make him pay tribute as of old. Why? It is the will of Allah to afflict them thus, and they betake themselves the more frantically to their prayers, that the day may come when they may set their foot on us again.

The objects of Islam are twofold, and perfectly suited to the character of these people. Dominion comes first, and is the public object—the object for which every Mahdi arises. The second is a private object; it is to attain a state of ecstasy—not contemplative, but an exaltation of the feelings to the overpowering of the senses, a heart-drunkenness, a highly intoxicated sentiment, visions, the gift of prophecy, culminating at last in a state which we should put under treatment and control. It was inevitable that these two religions—Catholicism and Islam—both insisting on temporal power, should clash.

Dr. Brown, in his introduction to Leo Africanus, gives this account of the treatment which led finally at a later period to the expulsion of the Moors from Spain: 'Though all who wished to seek a home in Barbary were transported thither in public galleys at a charge of ten golden doubles a head, but very few could afford to avail themselves of that privilege. . . . Padre Bernaldez, the Curate of Los Palacios, disposes of them in a manner less creditable, though possibly his statement is an accurate account of what happened in some cases, "For," remarks this historian,

"the Christians shipped the men, gave them a free passage, and sent them to the devil." Religion, nevertheless, sat easy on the Spanish Moors. Thousands had been more or less voluntarily converted by the liberal-minded Talavera and the more bigoted Ximenes, and, outwardly at least, performed the duties of their new faith. It was not till 1610 that Philip III., at the instigation of the fanatical Archbishop of Valencia, deported the remnants of the race which still conformed to the creed of their fathers, retaining as slaves a certain number to expiate their offences against his sovereignty by toiling in the galleys or dying by inches in the mines of Peru. In the execution of this *grande resolucion*, as the King termed it, about a million of the most industrious of the "Morisco" inhabitants of Spain were hunted like wild beasts and banished to Africa with every concomitant of barbarity. Many, indeed, were slain before they could reach the coast. The crews in many cases rose upon them, butchered the men, violated the women, and threw the children into the sea. Others, driven by the winds on the sandy shores of Barbary, were attacked by the marauding Arabs and slaughtered, despite their creed or their nationality; for a people who killed or enslaved every shipwrecked seaman, and every tribe of which was at war with every other, were not likely to bestow much esteem on castaways in Spanish garb, speaking Arabic with a Castilian accent, and whose previous history did not altogether clear them of the taint of renegadism. Few escaped maltreatment and robbery. . . . Many, disheartened with the coldness of their co-religionists in the cities, wandered into the desert and perished from privations and hardships which their life in Andalus had little fitted them to endure.'

It was these expatriated Moors who came to Salli, and to revenge themselves on Spain turned pirates, and made especial havoc of the Spanish shipping.*

* Budgett Meakin, 'The Moorish Empire.'

The principal pirate stronghold in Morocco was Salli. All the coast towns became in turn the possession of Spain, Portugal or France. Salli itself and its sister town Rabat, and the city of Sla, a little way inland, formed for a time a small independent republic. The tribes on the hills furnished excellent recruits, but the good pay offered inducement to all the mercenaries and renegades in Morocco who crowded to fill the rovers' galleys with men of daring and resource. Some idea of the Salli rovers' character can be gathered from the description of the small port of Mehidya when it was captured by the Spaniards early in the seventeenth century—'a perfect kennel of European outlaws . . . the offscourings of every port, who, like the squaw-men of the West and the beach-combers of the Pacific, led a congenial existence among the barbarians.'

In his interesting history, Mr. Meakin states very clearly that the Moors learnt nearly all they knew of sea warfare from Europeans, and to show how this was done he quotes from a contemporary record, which gives an evidently faithful picture of the times and manners:

'Ward, a poor English sailor, and Dansker, a Dutchman, made first here their marts, when the Moores knew scarce how to saile a ship: Bishop was ancient, and did little hurt, but Easton got so much as made himselfe a marquesse in Savoy, and Ward lived like a Bashaw in Barbary; they were the first that taught the Moores to be men of warre . . . till they became so dispyrited, disordered, debauched, and miserable, that the Turks and Moores began to command them as slaves, and force them to instruct them in their best skill, which many an accursed runnagado, or Christian-turned-Turk, did, till they have made these Sally men, or Moores of Barbary, so powerful as they be, to the terror of all the Straights, and many times they take purchases (prizes) even in the main ocean, yea, sometimes even in the narrow seas in England; and these are the most cruelle villaines in

Turkie or Barbarie, whose natives are very noble and of good nature in comparison of them.'

Probably the principal ship-building of the Salli rovers was done at Rabat, for I was shown a large, long, lofty hall, with a floor sloping towards the water-level, where I was told the ships of the Salli rovers were built. Yet the towns were rivals, and often at bitter enmity with one another. The market where the prizes were sold, and where most pirate business was transacted, was at Salli. The prizes were put up to auction, and the money evenly distributed among the crew.

At Shellagh the best of the Moors exiled from Granada established themselves, adding to the city many of the buildings whose picturesque ruins are among the loveliest things in Barbary to-day.

We left Salli by the 'Baker's Gate,' and I was told, as a further proof of the lawlessness of the country, that on Salli beach Kaid MacClean's horses were stolen. They were taken at night from the camp, and kept in the hills for about a fortnight, and then brought back and sold in Salli market. But the most remarkable thing about the whole affair was that the Kaid of the district could not recover them.

After Salli, Rabat had all the air of a modern bustling town. We spent an afternoon buying rugs and carpets, Moorish lanterns, and other curios of native manufacture. The numbers of small shops where the various trades are plied with unremitting zeal is astonishing. But the port of Rabat suffers from a terrible bar, so that even when a ship comes into the roadstead it is sometimes uncertain whether she will be able to connect with the shore. The trade of Rabat is gradually being drawn away to more favourable ports, which emphasizes the fact that trade requires releasing at the seaports first before any improvement can be attempted in the country itself. It does not seem probable that light draught steamers could cross the bar of the Bû Ragrag;

but if they could, the Berber or hill tribes, which come down to touch Rabat, and terrorize the whole country of the Bû Ragrag, would render a peaceful settlement of agriculturists extremely precarious. There is no country trade from Rabat. In that direction there is stagnation. The natives come into the town and buy what they want at the shops. Thirty thousand pounds' worth of Manchester cottons are absorbed annually in Rabat and Salli, only an inappreciable amount being sent out of the town. Sugar to the value of £36,710 came in during the year, rather less than in the previous year. Candles to the value of £7,206 comes next, and tea to the value of £5,942. But the import trade in every article is declining. It is difficult to account for such a sudden decrease, but in the case of some goods, such as Manchester cottons, it is generally believed to be in a great part due to the high prices ruling in goods.

Spain no longer contributes to the Rabat market, and has withdrawn her steamers. The river will not admit the sailing ships which can lie in the river at Laraiche. In the year 1900 only one sailing vessel, a German, came to Rabat. The difficulties of the bar may be understood from the single fact that the large steamers of the London company visit this town less frequently, preferring to tranship cargo at Gibraltar on to a small steamer, which brings the accumulated cargo of several steamers to Rabat as it can fill up.

Ship-building of large barges or lighters is still carried on at Rabat. The Sultan has two barges always in readiness, in order that he may cross the Bû Ragrag when he goes on one of those progresses through his dominions which carry fire and sword among the tribes. But the present Sultan, being a minor, for several years has left this time-honoured custom in abeyance. However, when I was there rumour was busy about his approaching visit. The barges were being painted, and some of the cactus hedge was cut on the further side of the river, to enable him to pass without

catching his red umbrella in the thorns. These things were done as a matter of course, but no one expressed the least satisfaction or pleasure at the idea of the Sultan's coming, or appeared to look forward to it in the slightest degree.

In Rabat I met an old Moor who had been sixteen years in England. He was able to chat quite fluently in English. He told me that Manchester was 'really a very nice place, but he liked Barbary better. Nevertheless,' he added, with a friendly nod, 'the English are good people. They do not push Moors about, like other Christians, and I think they are a kind people. Yes, and I like them even better in England than I do in Barbary. Barbary is the country of the Moors, you understand. Yes, we are Moors here.' And indeed they are. This old man, as he walked about in his bundle of gossamer draperies, was a piece of unconscious comedy. He and his colleagues presided over the Customs, and they agreed that it was so extraordinary a thing that a woman should come and walk about Rabat that they got up from their seats, or, rather, cushions, of custom, and came trooping behind me, causing a total cessation of business in the port of Rabat for the space of one hour. I had to manœuvre round to get them safely back to their perches, which they were glad enough to reach, sinking with groans of fatigue into their cushions again.

Merchants in Rabat have the greatest difficulty in obtaining warehouses or space to store goods. The Moors are so jealous of all Europeans that they will not lease properties to them, and purchase is absolutely out of the question.

The exertions of the Consuls have prevented the sale of slaves in the open street. The sales take place in the yard of a fondak. There we saw four black women sitting on a mat looking round apprehensively. There were only a few men hanging about, and the bidding appeared to be very slack. One woman had a little baby of a few months old in her arms. The upset price for her and the infant was $20.

Their evident fear and uneasiness was painful. To buy them all and set them free seemed the only course; but a little inquiry and thought convinced me that it would be a mistake to do so.

The Moors who saw us enter disliked our presence. They even seemed to look a little ashamed of themselves. There is no doubt that a good deal of hideous cruelty is practised upon these slaves in a quiet way. There was a man in Rabat who was notoriously cruel to his slaves, and one day his female slaves got him alone, and between them cut him in pieces. Then they locked up the house and ran away. They made their plans very well, and must have had friends, for they were never caught.

That evening Dr. Kerr, a medical missionary, came with his wife to our camp, and spent about an hour chatting with us. We were camped outside Rabat, between the palace and the cemetery, and the kasbah shut us off from the sea. The prison was close by, and on one side a large mosque. We had a good deal of heavy rain in the night, and this, together with the noise of a midnight feast which was being held in the mosque, made sleeping difficult. The midnight service was on one occasion tremendous, and the babel became deafening when at some specially sacred moment all my Moors rushed out of their tent to howl the chant at the tops of their voices.

In the great barracks or gaol the Sultan confined a remnant of the M'zaab tribe, which he 'ate up' immediately on coming to the throne. The whole affair was a gross iniquity, and an instance of the total miscarriage of justice common in Morocco. I learned all about it later in my travels, but at Rabat I heard the fate of the unfortunate rebels. The prisoners numbered 400, but they were so cruelly treated on the way from their country, which is to the south of Marakish, that many of them were in a dying condition by the time they reached Rabat. Even to these

no mercy was shown. They were put in panniers on donkeys at the last, and soldiers walked beside them beating them with sticks when they groaned or cried out. Then the wives came and camped outside the prison on the spot where my tent stood. They were in a destitute state, but people did what they could for them, and they were very willing to work, so as to buy food to feed their husbands. But life in a Moorish gaol is not conducive to longevity, and these men were broken in spirit by ill-treatment. The close confinement, after the open-air life in the villages, told upon them, and the knowledge that they were imprisoned for life deepened their distress. Thus they died off rapidly, so that at the time I arrived the women had gone away. Only two prisoners remained alive within; and one poor wife remarked pathetically, 'Allâh has forgotten to be kind.'

CHAPTER XVI

THE TOWER OF HASSAN—SHELLAGH

THE tide was not very high when we started with Mr. Bensaade to visit the Tower of Hassan, but the width of the river and its natural banks, and the view of the two rival cities on either side, made every yard of the little journey interesting and beautiful.

At the mouth of the river the bar was foaming; the white waves curling and riding on like horses charging a hill. The dazzling whiteness of the town of Salli showed above the soft line of a broad stretch of sand—the sand thrown up by the tide of years, which has deprived Salli altogether of a seaport, and left her dependent upon Rabat. On the other side the river-bank was rocky, and crags and huge sections of red rock had fallen into the water, and lay there overgrown with all kinds of foliage, from the hard gray masses of cacti and aloes to delicate ferns and creepers. There was a very beautiful pale pink antirrhinum which grew in the crevices of the rocks, and young wild vines threw their shoots with bunches not yet in blossom over the aloes and rocks.

We glided gradually over a perfectly clear surface of shining water, and then, as a gorge slowly opened, the magnificent tower came bit by bit into full view.

This ruin, incomplete as it is, offers a magnificent specimen of architecture in the style of the Alhambra—a finished and complete art, for which no better materials could be found than the red sandstone of Rabat and the tiles of Fez. The

lacework pattern of arabesque is thrown into relief by the fact of the sandstone turning gray wherever its surface is most exposed to the weather. This gives an almost transparent appearance. The richness, warmth, and depth lie in the shadow, which remains of a warm red tone. The Tower of Hassan has never been completed, and the summit is ragged and unfinished as the last builder left the last brick, and suggests defeated aspirations and divided counsels. I am not aware of any record of the building beyond that this unfinished tower is said to be a sister tower to the Girálda at Seville, and to the Kûtûbiya at Marakish, and that they were all built by Yakub el Mansûr (the Victorious) towards the close of the twelfth century.

We climbed the hill from the water's edge, and it seemed to me that I was landing somewhere from the quiet waters of the Cam to approach those seats of learning which have sent out administrators over an empire greater than ever was that of the Moors. I almost expected to hear the deep sounds of the organ and the chanting of the choir of King's. The spot was undoubtedly selected as a centre of learning and culture, and dates from the best period of Moorish rule.

The predecessor of Yakub el Mansûr was his father, the learned and pious Yusef II., who drew to his Court Averroes, the last of the great Moslem philosophers, who ended his days in honour in Morocco. 'For the last time,' says the biographer of Averroes,* 'before its final extinction the Moslem Caliphate in Spain displayed a splendour which seemed to rival the ancient glories of the Ommiad Court. Great mosques arose, schools and colleges were founded, hospitals and other useful and beneficent constructions proceeded from the public zeal of the Sovereign, and under the patronage of two liberal rulers, Yusef, and later his son Yakub, science and philosophy flourished apace. It was the philosophic Vizier of Yusef who introduced Averroes to that

* 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

Prince; and Avensoar, the greatest of Moslem physicians, was his friend.'

It is impossible to look at the Tower of Hassan without thinking of Averroes, and the part he must have played in founding this great University—arrested and incomplete—among the might-have-beens of history. Averroes is best known as the great commentator on Aristotle. He took up a position with regard to science which was identical with that of the New Learning in Europe, when it arose some centuries later upon the decline of monasticism. The chief feature in his teaching was the separation between Catholic and philosophical truth. 'The real grandeur of Averroes,' says the biographer already quoted, 'is seen in his resolute prosecution of the standpoint of science in matters of this world, and in his recognition that religion is not a branch of knowledge to be reduced to propositions and systems of dogma, but a personal and inward power, an individual truth, which stands distinct from, but not contradictory to, the universalities of scientific law. He maintained alike the claim of demonstrative science, with its generalities for the few who could live in that ethereal world, and the claim of religion for all—the common life of each soul as an individual and personal consciousness.'

What wonder that this man, whose thought might be an advanced product of this new century, displeased the people of his time, that period of narrow scholastic orthodoxy? What wonder that he was rejected by Islam? The ignorant fanaticism of the multitude was aroused, and at last, 'about the year 1195, Averroes was accused of heretical pursuits, stripped of his honours, and banished to a place near Cordova. At the same time efforts were made to stamp out all liberal culture in Andalusia, so far as it went beyond the little medicine, arithmetic, and astronomy required for practical life. . . . When the transient passion of the people had been satisfied, Averroes for a brief period survived his

restoration to honour. He died in the year before his patron, Yakub el Mansûr (1199), with whom the political power of the Moslems came to an end, as did the culture of liberal science with Averroes.'*

Such was Averroes, the most prominent of the learned men of Barbary in the days of the founding of Hassan's Tower. Morocco was then at the zenith of its fame as a land of learned men.† And the most interesting and striking years in the history of the country are those which begin with the reign of Yusef II., A.D. 1163-84, and extend through the learned and victorious reign of Yakub el Mansûr, the decline commencing under his son, En Nasir, who, after sustaining severe losses in battle, is believed to have been poisoned, 1213.

Yusef II. was a noble-minded and learned Ameer. The special feature of his administration was the delegation of power to provincial Governors, whom he had the knack of choosing well. It was part of Yusef's policy to employ his son as a Vizier or Minister, and this unusually wise policy gave Yakub, afterwards known as El Mansûr, an admirable training in sovereign affairs, so that his able hand was felt immediately that he succeeded his father Yusef.

Yakub was 'a tall, good-looking man of light-brown complexion, with ample limbs, wide mouth, loud voice, and large dark eyes, clad always in simple wool. The most veracious

* It is said that Averroes was imprisoned for a too liberal translation of a passage which referred to Venus as a goddess.

† Dr. Brown, in his introduction to Leo Africanus, says: 'Fez . . . was the seat of Arabic learning, to which students resorted from all parts of Islam, and its libraries, as well as those of the city of Morocco, were famous even in Cordova and Granada. A fresh stimulus must certainly have been given . . . by the arrival in Morocco of so many cultured men from Spain. The fact of such men leaving the cultured Courts of Seville and Cordova to take up their residence in . . . Morocco shows that the offers made to them by the African Sultans must have been of a most tempting nature.'

of men, and the most elegant in language,' just even when the interests of his own family suffered thereby. His motto was, 'In God have I trusted.' Like several other Morocco rulers, he was the son of a Christian slave.

He began his reign in the customary manner, with the murder of his nearest relatives, and the liberal distribution of money from the treasury, but he had the courage to open the prison doors and to undertake a general reparation of injustices.

Though enlightened, he was an eminently popular Sovereign. The Arab historians wax eloquent in his praise. He was undoubtedly a great King, 'the most magnanimous in every respect. His government was excellent, he added to the treasury, he increased his power, his actions were those of a famous Sovereign, his religion was deep, and he did much good to the Muslim. May God have mercy on him by His grace, His kindness, and His generosity, for He is pitiful and loves to pardon.'

After this eulogy it is a little damping to find that Yakub's justice did not prevent him from administering 'the bastinado to anyone bringing before him a trivial question'; that his religion led him to 'revive the practice of the orthodox Kalifas of presiding at public prayer as Imam. Those who did not attend were flogged; those who drank wine were executed.'

Yakub was the contemporary of Saladin and of Richard Cœur de Lion. His strength lay in the combination of military genius with a taste for learning far ahead of contemporary Sovereigns. His son, En Nasir, inherited his father's respect for books, but he was less able or less fortunate as a general, and under him began the fall of the Moors in Spain. It is alleged that our King John, being in distress and unable to deal with his unruly Barons, turned to the Sultan En Nasir, and sent him an embassy to solicit assistance. The overtures were conducted by a priest, who

on his return was made Abbot of St. Albans; which is the more extraordinary as John offered, in return for assistance, to embrace Islam. The whole story is eminently picturesque. The priest had to pass through hedges of guards and fine apartments till he came at length to the learned and pious Ameer, who was diligently occupied in reading a book.

Rabat was built with the stones of ancient Roman temples and with the labour of 40,000 Christian slaves, who earned their freedom by completing the task, and were afterwards settled as a tribe by themselves to the north of Fez, where for some time they preserved their religion. Some historians state that the town was built to commemorate the victories of El Mansûr, and for that reason it was called Rabat, which in Arabic means 'the camp of victory.' But taking other matters into consideration, and the grand ruins of Hassan's Tower and of Shellagh, it would seem that the intention was to found not merely a military post, but a centre of influence, which should be powerful and extensive on the pattern of Alexandria, on which it was said the streets of Rabat were modelled. 'Some,' says Leo, 'say that the reason why it was built in this place was that King Mansor, possessing the kingdom of Granada and a great part of Spaine besides, and considering that Morocco was so far distant that if any wars should happen he could not in due time send new forces against the Christians, determined to build some town upon the sea-shore, where he and his armie might remaine all summer-time. . . . He caused this town of Rebat in short space to be erected, and to be exceedingly beautified with temples, colleges, pallaces, shops, stores, hospitals, and other such buildings. Moreouver on the south side without the walles he caused a certaine high tower like the tower of Maroco to be built, sauing that the winding staires were somewhat larger, insomuch that three horses abreast might well ascend up, from the top whereof they might escrie ships an huge way into the sea. So exceeding is the height thereof

that I think there is no more the like building to be found, and to the end that greater store of artificers might hither from all places resort, he appointed that every man according to his trade and occupation should be allowed a yeerely stipend; whereupon it came to passe that within a few moneths this town was better stored with all kinde of artificers and merchants than any town in all Africa besides, and that because they reaped a double gaine. . . . Howbeit,' continues the historian sadly, 'after King Mansor's death this town grew into such decay that scarce a tenth part thereof now remaineth; so that at this present a man shall hardly finde throughout the whole towne fower hundred houses inhabited. . . . Comparing their former felicitie with the present alteration whereinto they are fallen, I cannot but greatly lament their miserable case.'

We walked all round the ground, several acres in extent, whereon were traced in ruins the plan of some vast building. A row of magnificent columns stood as though defying Time itself. There were the excavations for the baths, and again some fallen columns, and some stones not yet moved into their place.* The unfinished walls of enormous thickness were crumbling, and had become the nesting-places of crowds of hawks and blue rollers. I saw pigeons which had a nest in the tower, and marvelled at their temerity in rearing a family with such bad company all round. In old days the Moors bred pigeons with great care. Shakespeare frequently alludes to the Barbary pigeons.

The tower whence the muezzin's voice was destined never to call the faithful to prayer resounded with the shrieks of birds of prey and was the scene of incessant fights and many a cruel outrage. A small window, some 20 feet from the ground, had recently been walled up, but formerly it was possible to gain access to the tower through its narrow

* It is alleged that these stones were quarried and cut in Spain, and brought there to be placed in the building.

opening, and form some idea of the broad stairway within. But Christian curiosity led to the annoyance of Moslems, and evil people took refuge there, so the authorities ordered the window to be bricked up.

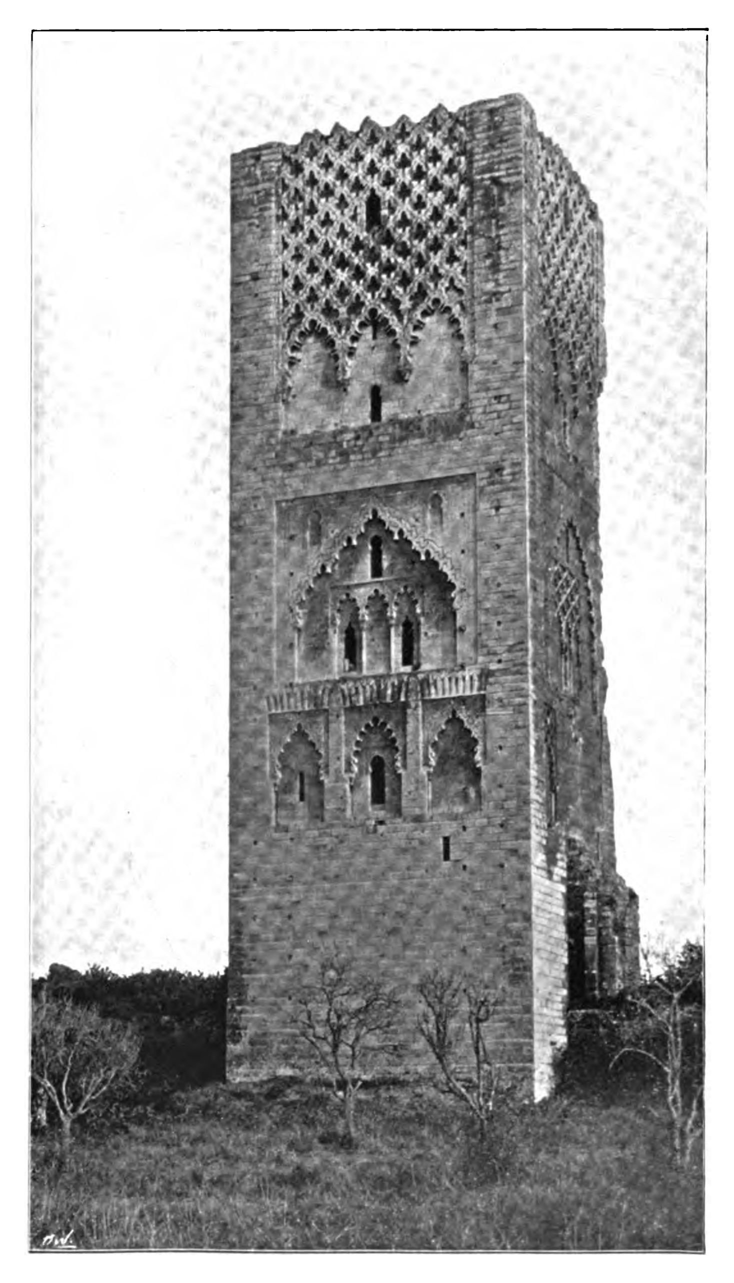
I went away by myself to think of all that this spot might have meant to the world had Islam realized its ideals, had it been able to compete with Christianity by civilized methods. And how nearly it had succeeded in attaining very real greatness! 'There is a tide in the affairs of men.' This was the high-water mark of the highest tide in Barbary.

In this 'camp of victory'—the 'uncongenial mixture of earthly needs and heavenly aspirations,' lies the weakness of Mohammedanism. But a religion propagated by the sword could not maintain an empire, and within that burning fanaticism there was no place for learning or freedom, though men might seek it wistfully—ay, and with tears.

Then, as we regained our boat and moved gently down the stream, and the tower with its ruined summit seemed to recede from our eyes, as its reflected image died out upon the water, I felt that deep silence which is itself a part of the East, and which a Western poet has felt and knew how to interpret as a sign of defeat:

'The tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpets unblown.'

Mr. Matteos, riding a pretty black Arab, accompanied us to see the ruins of Shellagh. I was delayed in starting, and went after them, taking with me the Kaid, who selected a different route, thinking to make up time by a short-cut. On the way my progress was impeded by finding half a dozen boys, who had caught as many young hawks and tied strings to their legs. They took pleasure in throwing the birds into the air and pulling them back with a jerk. This was intolerable, and I insisted, with the Kaid's help, in getting the birds given to me for 50 cents. Knowing that I had Moors



Mr. Cavilla photo: Tangiers.

THE TOWER OF HASSAN.

to deal with, I would not take them for nothing, lest they should say I robbed them of their property, mercy being a quality they would not understand. But the Kaid fixed the price and I rode away with the hawks, and a fine time I had with them! Never before had I had six hawks in my possession, and being on horseback made it difficult to negotiate with them. Had Conrad cut capers there would have been a scene.

I managed them by keeping all the strings in my bridle-hand, and having laid the birds on their backs in my lap, I held them down with the other hand. There they lay staring at me with the most impudent, defiant expression in their bold countenances. Blank amazement coupled with fatigue kept them quiet at first, but presently a leg was shot out, and my ungloved finger was caught in what felt like a small steel gin. I positively screamed with pain, and this was the signal for a sharp beak to be driven into the soft flesh of my thumb, and a concerted struggle of legs, wings, and beaks ensued. But I held on, for I knew the wicked tormentors, who were in hot pursuit at Conrad's heels, would have recaptured them in a moment if I let go. Thus it happened that I entered the beautiful gateway of Shellagh with an embarrassed mind, my one desire being to reach Mrs. Greathed and Mr. Matteos, who were waiting for me at the other entrance, and get them to mount guard over the boys while I let the hawks go. It was the nearest approach to hawking I have ever known. The flight of a hawk is peculiar; the bird is so light and made for flight. Opening one's hand and letting it go is like shooting, or the flash of a thought striking direct upon a given object. Five of the birds were, I believe, sparrow-hawks, but the sixth was a lovely bird, with gray or mauve on his head and back. His eyes shone like great carbuncles.

The ruins of Shellagh stand in a lovely valley within a wall, which creeps along the rocky summit of the hill, out

of which the action of a tributary to the Bû Ragrag has carved a most fertile valley.

Tradition relates that when the exiled Moors reached Rabat, this valley, containing the mosque whose tower still stands intact, recalled Granada so forcibly to their mind that they settled here and devoted themselves to reproducing, as far as possible, the city which they loved so well. The Moors consider it, though ruined and deserted, one of their most sacred spots, and in the evening they ride out with their little prayer-carpets to pray at the tombs. The garden, composed of oranges, figs, and feathery bamboo, has run riot. The dungeons are full of water and laid bare to the light. Peasant women come there to wash their clothes. In the enclosure where the Sultans are buried we were not allowed to enter. Nature has reasserted herself, and where once the crowd of humanity thronged the paved streets the fertile soil has thrown up a wealth of beautiful foliage and flowers, over which the bees go softly humming. In one place a peasant had built a hut, and had a small patch of broad beans and a few mealies. And this was not incongruous; but it is to be hoped that the ruins will never be restored. Both their magnificence and their decay are parts of history, and no restoration could make them half so lovely as they are now, standing among the dislodged crags and the wild growth of Nature in her most tender mood.

Shellagh apparently takes its name from Sala Colonia of the Romans, though most probably there was an earlier Phœnician settlement here. Leo Africanus who frequented this spot, and saw it before it was ruined, 'was,' says an historian, 'a most accomplished and absolute man. . . . As Moses was learned in all the wisdome of the Egyptians, so likewise was Leo in that of the Arabians and Mores. He was not meanely but extraordinarily learned.' Leo gives the following account of the city, and affixes a date which is useful: 'King Mansor caused it to be walled round about,

and built therein a faire hospitall and a stately pallace, into which his soldiers might at their pleasure retire themselves. Here likewise he erected a most beautiful temple, wherein he caused a goodly hall or chapel to be set vp, which was curiously carued and had many fair windowes about it: and in this hall (when he perceiued death to seaze vpon him) he commanded his subjects to burie his corpes. Which being done, they laid one marble stone ouer his head and another ouer his feete, whereon sundry epitaphs were engraven. After him likewise all the honourable personages of his familie and blood chose to be interred in the same hall. And so did the kings of the Marin familie so long as their common wealth prospered. Myself, on a time, entering the same hall, beheld there thirtie monuments of noble and great personages, and diligently wrote out all their epitaphs. This I did in the year of the Hegeira 915' (A.D. 1509).

It is a thousand pities that we have not this record. The white koubah, which contrasts with the red of the sandstone tower, was pointed out to me as the grave of the Black Sultan, who fell at the Battle of El Ksar, although another story says that Mulai Ahmed stuffed the skin of the dead Sultan and carried it in front of him to terrify the people of Fez. But there is nothing to show that all but his skin was not buried here.

Still stranger is a story of French origin, which corroborates the statement of an English sea-captain called Jackson, who disguised himself as an Arab and obtained entrance to the dismantled and roofless burial-place of the Kings. He was shown two graves, which, he was told, were those of Roman generals. This statement was discredited, it being thought improbable that the tomb of any infidel would be permitted beside those of the Commanders of the Faithful. Yet the truth was even more extraordinary, for 'the mural tablet to the memory of the Sultan Abu Yakub Yussuf has a round hole close to the left edge, apparently from its

breaking the inscription, made after the marble tablet was erected. Through this hole there is a tradition that of old the Arabs were accustomed to put their hands and declare to the truth of any statement when a particularly binding oath was desirable. If the hand could be withdrawn freely, this was a proof of the testifier speaking the truth, but if he had told a lie a superhuman force prevented the perjurer from doing so. In 1880 M. Ducour, French Vice-Consul in Rabat, who was permitted to visit the tombs, put his hand through the hole, and fancied that he could feel on the reverse side of the stone something like engraved characters. Interest was accordingly made to have the tablet removed, when it was found that the surmise was correct, for, as the clearly-cut Latin inscription showed, the tablet had, previous to extolling the virtues of a Mussulman Sovereign, already recorded the merits of a Roman Proconsul. This was Aulus Cæcina Tacitus, Governor of the province of Betica, who had been recently promoted to the consulate, and the friend who reared the commemorative tablet was Septimus Carvillianus, a Roman knight.'*

Lovely as Nature has made it, history has clothed upon this spot the poetry of human interest of no ordinary description. While the people of the latest empire born in time were wresting from a tyrant the first charter of their liberties, here, between the mountains and the sea, men thought to conquer and govern, not by mere force, but by culture and science. They comprehended, as few have done, all the elegance and charm of which human life is capable.

'They say the lion and the lizard keep
The courts where Jamsdyh gloried and drank deep,
And Bahram, that great hunter—the wild ass
Stamps o'er his head, but cannot break his sleep.'

They lay, under the pall of Nature, these great men by

* Vallentin, 'Bulletin Épigraphique de la Gaule,' 1881.

whose graves I passed, and I bent my head in gratitude to the flowers, whose faces looked up to the cloudless sky.

'I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

'And this reviving herb, whose tender green
Hedges the river lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen?'

CHAPTER XVII

LEAVING RABAT—DISAGREEABLE NATIVES—AYESHA—HOSPITALITY IN CASA BLANCA, NATIVE AND AMERICAN—TRADE OF CASA BLANCA

We left Rabat with great regret, but Mrs. Greathed was anxious to catch a steamer at Casa Blanca which was already due. So the following afternoon we rode out of Rabat, passing by the aqueduct, which some attribute to the Romans and others to Yakub el Mansûr, and which, like all old things in Morocco, was grandly planned and now in ruins.

Early in the morning Abd el Kader left to return to his village, very sore at heart, and I felt much for him, seeing no chance for him. I had done my best, and was most grateful to Mr. Neroutsos for the trouble he took in the matter.

Our way lay over a treeless plain, where crops of barley seemed to grow well wherever the ground had been ploughed. It struck me that a light railway run by mules could easily connect Casa Blanca and Rabat. There were no bad rivers and no serious hills to overcome. Casa Blanca might then be improved as a seaport with a view to the Fez-Mequinez trade, for goods might run overland cheaper than being transhipped at Gibraltar for Rabat. It would also make it possible for better trade intercourse, and tourists, who often complained to me that they had no chance of seeing Rabat, might manage to do so from Casa Blanca.

We were to have stopped for the night at a town off the

track, which is practically a hill-town, as Europeans do not go there, while the hill-men not only come down to it, but even stay the night. The difficulty was that we had two soldiers with us. I ascertained afterwards that the forest tribes (it is only eighty miles from the forest) have recently declared their animosity to the soldiers of the Sultan, and have proved it repeatedly by killing any one of them if they can catch him. The Kaid did not tell me this. He quietly denied the existence of the town, and when I pointed it out to him he assured me it was no town at all, only ruins, and that we should soon reach the spot Mr. Bensaade had told him of a little further on the road. However, I found the camping-ground was near a large douar, with a smaller douar close at hand. No sooner had we dismounted than a row ensued. At no point in my travels were the natives so disagreeable. They came out in great numbers, and were exceedingly nasty to the Kaid. To go away in such circumstances would be a mistake; besides, it was interesting.

As they were 'bally-ragging' the Kaid quite unnecessarily, I went up to them, and, laying hold of the headman's shoulder and giving it a little shake, I asked him what it was all about. Rather to my surprise, he turned to me with a manner which was all civility, if not submission. Mrs. Greathed had said that the row arose because we were Christians, and, with her superior knowledge of the East, I had thought this was the case, but I saw then that there was something these people were afraid of. I told the man that I was English and was travelling, that I had no wish to hurt him, that I was a friend to the Moors. He still looked uneasy and anxious and very mistrustful, and not even when we bought things from them were these people really genial.

I walked down to the shore while the camp was shaking into order, and there I found a small bay, into which boats of four or five tons could easily enter at high-tide by the

channel of a small river. There was no sign of any fishing-boats about; only on the rocks was a hollow structure of stones, from the top of which were a flagstaff or two. This might be a saint's tomb, but it might also answer very well for a signal-station. The next morning when I passed, I saw a cave among the rocks and a slight track worn along the grass towards it.

My belief is that these people are averse from the Sultan's rule, and more or less on terms with the tribes. Whether they do gun-running in that bay I do not know. That kind of smuggling is done pretty openly at the ports, and it is said that the Moorish officials themselves are interested in it. Guns are the joy of life to these people, and at this place a cripple boy had made a most ingenious toy pistol, which he could fire, using an old Winchester cartridge for the barrel. How he got his gunpowder I do not know.

The submission of the forest tribes to the Sultan depends on religious fealty. They even go the length of choosing their own Kaid, who acts as a judge or arbitrator in their internecine disputes. Many times have different Sultans sent troops to destroy these tribes, but artillery cannot be taken into the woods, and the woods will not burn. These tribes cannot be starved out, for they have in the forest large spaces of cultivated land, where they grow fine crops and herd cattle on rich pastures. They do not pay a peseta of taxes, but they will make presents of their own free will, and I believe if a Christian went among them speaking their language, and accredited to one of their leaders, leaving his soldier behind, they would behave with great hospitality. No Sovereign would find them easy to rule. No Western Power would have the same advantage that their Sultan has of appealing to them for unity in religious belief. They would prefer their personal privileges to any national programme; and the excitement of internecine feuds, mixed with the customary right to plunder the men of the plains

and sack towns if an opportunity offers, would be dearer to them than any scheme for the welfare of their country. But they love money next to their independence, also green tea, sugar, and candles, and these tastes offer commerce a very superior opportunity. The tribes possess a rude sense of justice, and they are open to a bargain. Were the country adjacent to them ruled with justice, firmness, and business perspicacity, they would be attracted to an alliance with any leading man who succeeded in winning their confidence and respect. They might be induced to enter his service, and form a useful body of troops or police elsewhere; but it would depend solely on the individuality of the man who approached them. As things are now, the worst of them get the best of it. A premium is put on good thieving.

The river was tidal, and after we had crossed it we had a long march against a fierce wind, which blew the sand in our faces; but we were obliged to go on in order to cross another small tidal river at the right moment. At last, the dust-storm being quite intolerable, and seeing some aloes, I called a halt, and had the tent pitched under such shelter as they afforded. It was lucky that we did so, for in a very short time heavy rain came on, which would have drenched us to the skin. When it was over, we had to pack and scramble across the river, which was not far distant, for the tide was coming up fast, and yet the river was running out, the reason being a bar of rock at the mouth of the river which the incoming tide had not crossed. The moment it did so the water would rush up the river with a vengeance.

Late that evening we reached a douar near Fedahlah, where Ayesha, the headwoman, received us very warmly in the absence of her husband. Ayesha was a relation of Abd el Kader, and news flies fast. We felt that the warmth of her reception was more than we either desired or deserved.

She wanted us to camp inside the douar, but it was particularly dirty and ill-kept. She feared lest our animals should be stolen. When the men returned, they were alarmed at finding us outside, but Ayesha exerted her feminine tact to pacify them. She took my arm and led me away for a little walk, and asked me a great many questions. Had I no son? No. What a shame! Then I must have Ayesha's; and immediately a little piece of mahogany she had on her back was swung round and put into my arms. But the baby, staring at my strange face with his round, hawk-like eyes, set up a wail of dismay, and I gave him back to his mother, who received him effusively, evidently much flattered, for mothers are always the same. She came and sat in our tent, and I gave the baby a piece of sugar, which fortunately did not choke him.

Our start from Fedahlah was delayed owing to Mooleeta having developed a bad back. The difficulty was smoothed by Ayesha, who insisted on our having the better of the two donkeys owned by the village. There was one horse, which she strongly recommended; but we decided upon the donkey, and Ayesha's husband mounted the horse and accompanied us, taking a friend to sit behind him for part of the journey. Ayesha in parting made us a pretty speech, saying that though we were going away we should always remain in Ayesha's heart. Her husband had just returned from fishing, and presented us with six sea-bream, caught by a rod and line from the rocks in a small bay.

It was a weary, trying march, the wind blowing very strong, and occasional slight showers of rain. Mooleeta delayed us several times by insisting on exploring every village she saw in the distance, making off at full gallop, with all the Moors except the Kaid in hot pursuit. By her various antics and her love of a stampede, she had won from the Moors the title of 'Mooleeta, the Racer.' They are fond of giving names of this kind, and Mehemmet was called

Mehemmet the Good; why I do not know, except that he adopted a pose of extreme virtue, which I frequently found covered pecuniary transactions.

On the way we passed ruined townships. We were getting into the country of ruins, and there can be no doubt that the cruelty of the Kaids has diminished the population, which state of things extends through this part of Morocco and as far as the Sus country. The wind blew hard in our faces, and when Casa Blanca came in sight I told the Kaid to stay with Mrs. Greathed, and Conrad went away at a gallop. At Captain Cobb's house, whither my letters had been sent, I was received most kindly, and I accepted a kind invitation on behalf of Mrs. Greathed to put up there.

The tent was pitched inside the town, and when I reached it I found that the Bashaw had already sent his soldiers with the customary polite messages and the offer of a house. But the tent was up, and I wanted some dinner, and set to work to get it and to feed Conrad and Mooleeta. As I was watching a mutton chop, the soldiers returned with great swagger, bearing presents—two sugar-loaves, two packets of green tea, two packets of candles—and renewed the offer of a house, promising me at the same time a dinner, also guards to insure my safety for the night. After the soldiers had departed, and all the green tea and one sugar-loaf and one packet of candles had been handed over to the Kaid, I went on cooking my mutton chop, not relying too much upon the dinner, and not knowing how late it might arrive.

Meantime the sun had dropped, and was gone altogether below the level of the town walls, sinking somewhere into the sea. I have observed that when the sun sets over or near the sea, there is a soft gray light after sunset, almost like our twilight at home. And I think this must be the reflection from the surface of the water of the light left in the sky.

I was taking advantage of this light to eat my chop in the

door of my tent, when, on looking up, I saw before me a superb creature, who appeared like a vision. There, in that pale silver light which lent mystery to the atmosphere, about thirty yards from my tent, was a milk-white Arab steed, whose tall rider was clad in a scarlet robe reaching down to his burnished silver stirrups. His blue cloak was thrown back, and hung in a long fold from his shoulder, disclosing the fine white lining. A haik of the most transparent texture was folded about his head, and framed the face with the keen dark eyes, fine nose, and close-kept beard of an Arab type. The horse's long white tail and mane were combed to the last hair, and the scarlet harness embossed with silver was beautiful and new. Beside this grandee there walked on foot a tall officer, wrapped in a blue cloak, with high leather boots of red morocco. This man was followed by a troop of soldiers in long white cloaks and pointed scarlet fez, who stopped abruptly at the word of command.

I left my chop, and called to the Kaid to know who this dignified personage might be and why he came there. He was the Kaid of the Bashaw's bodyguard, and he had come to post my guards for the night. He rode solemnly round my camp, posting twenty guards two and two at regular intervals, and then, accompanied by his lieutenant on foot, he rode as solemnly away.

When I had finished my chop, I sat by my camp-fire watching the stars come out one by one. The wind had sunk, and it was comparatively peaceful. The horses and mules, tethered in a row just in front of me, were still feeding, and the men in their tent lighted a candle, and were busy telling stories and waiting patiently for the arrival of the Bashaw's dinner.

Suddenly I heard the guards challenge someone, and the answer rang out sharp and clear, 'Bashaw! Bashaw!' As fast as possible out of the darkness stepped the soldiers, their white cloaks and pointed fez shining in the dim lantern

light behind two enormous trays with conical covers. Under the first was a gigantic kouskous, and under the second a savoury stew of vegetables and meat, with loaves of bread set round it. The Bashaw sent me this dinner, and hoped I should spend a good night. Bakshish, salaama, and departure. I sat down and made a hole in the kouskous, and ate some of the stew, which was really excellent, and then I summoned the Kaid to take it away, reserving for myself a loaf of bread.

Soon after I retired to rest, but not to sleep, for the twenty guards kept themselves awake by playing upon twenty instruments. There was the honest and humble-minded tom-tom, but others were fifes, and never were fifes so shrill and bedevilled. Tom-toms are never tuneful, so they are never out of tune; these fifes squeaked and quavered and trilled up and down and in all directions, getting wilder and more wicked as the night wore on. Up to this point I had wished again and again that Mrs. Greathed had still been with me, but, knowing that she was tired, and that the travelling had worn her somewhat, I was glad that she should have the shelter of such comfortable quarters as those offered us by Captain Cobb. The noise all night was trying, and it was not till the sun rose and the guards departed that I closed my eyes.

It was my intention to do what the authorities in this place wished, for I felt that to attempt to please myself would be fatal. The worst of it was that there was so much variety in the advice given me that it was by no means easy to see my way. I should have preferred camping outside the town, but the British Consul and the Bashaw were against this. The Bashaw pressed his house; the British Consul advised a Spanish hotel. The house was dirty and uninviting; the hotel was in the heart of the town, and I should have been separated from my horse. To stay where I was was not only uncomfortable, but I was to have the

nuisance of twenty guards every night. I thought it would be as well to see how far the authorities would play their game, so I started in the afternoon to ride out of the town and camp near the cemetery.

As I was leaving some things belonging to Mrs. Greathed at Captain Cobb's house, I was met by the Vice-Consul, who had come down from the Consulate to tell me that if I camped outside the Bashaw would send me twenty guards —I, of course, to pay 20 pesetas, or as many more as I pleased—but *he would not be responsible for my safety.*

I saw that it was nothing more than a dodge to get twenty pesetas a night out of me. Besides, I suspected that the soldiers were in league with the cattle-thieves, and some of them looked raw and fresh from the profession, and probably the Bashaw had more than an official acquaintance with the thieves themselves. But this was the way the Bashaw would get 20 pesetas. He would not be responsible, and the British Consul would take care not to make him responsible, and I should lose my animals.

At this juncture Captain Cobb came on the scene, and offered to put up my horse and mule, and take in all my luggage, and myself into the bargain, and this offer I gratefully accepted. Subsequently Conrad, Mooleeta, and the Kaid's old gray were kindly taken in by Mr. Butler, whose stables were close by, and who allowed me to go and see my animals whenever I wished. And so that evening found me once more in company with the kind companion of my travels, and under the hospitable roof of an Eastern American we were in most luxurious quarters.

Captain Cobb has an acquaintance of some thirty years with Morocco. He came to Casa Blanca almost direct from Gibraltar, where he had taken his disabled ship, and with an American's perspicacity he erected a steam-mill for grinding corn. He was much interested to hear how many locusts we had met with; and between Rabat and Fedahlah we had

passed a vast number of 'voet-gangers,' as they call them in South Africa.

The locust in this crawling stage is most destructive. They climb trees and walls, and will invade towns. They proceed straight forward on their march, and once, on making inquiry as to what they found in a lean-looking, little back-country town in Cape Colony, I was told that first they ate the people's washing which was hanging out to dry, and that then they ate their boots, and that, such aliment having refreshed them, they went on their way greatly invigorated.

Certain is it that very little is refused by them. But linseed, a crop grown only of late years in Morocco, generally escapes. Potatoes are devoured here, though I have heard they are refused elsewhere. Tomatoes, which were generally refused in the South, are eaten to the stalk in Morocco.

In Casa Blanca alone 700 dollars a day was paid for a month for locusts' eggs gathered by the natives and brought in to be destroyed. At first they were thrown into the sea, but they were washed back again, and the natives gathered them and resold them to the Government, which they could easily do, for many of the eggs were picked up on sand after rain, and consequently in as wet and messy a state as though they had been in the deep.

A great variety of grain crops form the exports from Casa Blanca. There is one called el dorah, which grows like a bamboo with a tassel at the top. The seed is excellent for fowls, and the natives make bread of it. It grows principally about Tangiers. Fenugreek is exported from Casa Blanca, canary seed, coriander seed, and maize. Linseed is increasing. Lentils vary in quantity, and go principally to France. Beans are a large export, though Egypt competes, the Egyptians getting into the London market earlier and better cleaned. The most important crop is garbanzos, or chick-peas. These are taken by Spain, but some are bought for France.

The cereal trade of Morocco is a valuable one, and could be increased were the peasants encouraged to settle and cultivate their land. In the neighbourhood of Casa Blanca much more is done than round Rabat, partly because more protection has been given to the natives, and partly because the people are not so unsettled by the proximity of lawless tribes. The thieving is no doubt very troublesome, for I did not meet anyone who had travelled much in this neighbourhood who had not lost a camel, or horse, or mule.

The chief trade of Morocco is that of great export houses, who buy the produce either direct from the peasants or in partidos (small parcels) from the small Jew traders. The great houses bulk the produce and find a market oversea.

Owing to the ravages of locusts, a check has been given to a trade which might have developed encouragingly, and even led to improvements in the ports. But besides locusts there is a blight which sometimes attacks the beans. It appears to come after a north-westerly wind, and the result is that the whole crop looks as if a fire had passed over it. One season the wind came late, and the beans escaped, but the peas were destroyed.

These blights, in addition to other drawbacks, render a trade dependent upon cereals precarious and speculative. As there is no prospect of any increase in the shipping, it would not answer, even with official sanction, to sink much capital in improving the port of Casa Blanca. The best policy would be to connect Casa Blanca overland with Rabat, and then improve the port. Freights rule very high, partly on account of the delay of steamers—too high, considering the prices of goods in the country; consequently the small importer, the struggling new man, suffers to extinction. But the established firms, which have commodious warehouses and capital to back them, charter sailing-vessels, or even steamers, as they require them, load them with Norwegian

lumber or paraffin, and return them with a cargo of hides or cereals.

Such business can be done incidentally as part of a 'going concern,' but not independently. I heard of an American sailing-vessel which came into Casa Blanca with a cargo of Florida pine, which was immediately bought up by a large local house. Once a German attempted to import lumber, but the price was put down, and he was compelled to sell at a loss.

European traders now begin to find competition trying them, which is another evidence that the market has a very slight backing, that it does not expand, and cannot be made to expand owing to the oppression of the Government. It is practically impossible to find out what the population of Morocco may be. I have heard it said that it is somewhere between 4,000,000 and 8,000,000. Whether it increases or decreases is also as uncertain, but I believe there is little doubt that agriculturists diminish. There is a tendency to leave the land where their crops may be seized at any moment for additional taxes, and to crowd round towns where Europeans reside, and where they can live by picking up a trifle by doing odd jobs, and taking care to spend it before the Kaid can get hold of it.

It is quite impossible to find out the actual rate of profit made by the Moorish firms which trade between Marseilles and Morocco, and Manchester and Morocco. They buy goods to be delivered principally in Fez, and trade with the interior. They work more economically than the European houses, and therefore they can no doubt secure a profit, though they undercut in prices. They are very secret in their business, which is not to be wondered at, seeing how active the officials are in scenting out any Moor who can be squeezed for taxes.

But the Europeans compete amongst themselves in two ways, both as buyers and sellers. In times of drought and

scarcity there are now so many buyers that the prices of cereals rise to figures which render the trade unremunerative. The Germans are sometimes reckless buyers. The Jews speculate in wheat and barley. As the export of these crops is prohibited, they buy to store, and sell on a rise in price.

So far as selling goes, the Germans have unquestionably laid hold of the cheap market. But this does not advance trade as it would in another country. Elsewhere the cheap market is made by encouraging people to buy who never bought before, and so extending the market. In this country it has acted chiefly by pulling down prices; people who bought before buy now, but they buy cheaper than before. As they have established by these means good relations with the natives, the Germans will, in event of any change taking place for the better in Morocco, be the first to benefit, and German trade will rise on the basis of the cheap market, which the British could not retain.

Morocco is not a country which lends itself to the compiling of reports. I never was anywhere where statistics or figures helped one so little. 'They wrote to me from Washington,' said Captain Cobb, 'to send them a report of the cholera. So I started out to see what I could do, and I met two Moors dragging a dead one. So I said: "What killed that man?" And they said: "Allah—Allah killed him." I went a little further and met another, and I asked, "What killed that man?" and they said: "Allah." So I came back, and wrote to say that I had seen two dead Moors, and the people said God had killed them, and that was all I knew.' What occurred in Washington when this report was received I do not know, but the account gives an absolutely just idea of some of the obstacles in the way of making reports, and the value of some reports when made.

CHAPTER XVIII

A RUINED TRIBE—A MOORISH FEAST—FRIENDLY MOORS—MOORISH CHARITY—CHILD MARRIAGES—THE BASHAW

In Casa Blanca I heard about the tribe which was imprisoned in Rabat. Fortune smiled upon them once, and sent them the singular blessing of an honest Governor whose name was Shaaki. He levied taxes fairly, and his people prospered so that none of them desired Protection. Shaaki was very proud of this, and by keeping so many of his people about him, and even encouraging others to come and settle there, he obtained a large population who were thus able to subscribe the legal taxes without difficulty. When destitute families from elsewhere arrived in his Bashalate, Shaaki lent them donkeys for ploughing, till they became prosperous.

As the Bashalate grew rich, other Moors desired to get the Bashalate of M'zaab, and an intrigue was started to induce the late Sultan to put Shaaki in prison. But Sir John Drummond Hay getting wind of it, wrote the Sultan a letter, so that Shaaki lived and died Governor of M'zaab. After Shaaki there came a man as Governor who ground the peasants and was probably the cause of the rebellion. He had no doubt paid a large sum to be made Governor of so populous and prosperous a Bashalate, and it may well have been expected of him by the Court to raise a larger revenue than Shaaki could be made to do—seeing that Shaaki had won the respect of the British Ambassador.

When the Sultan dies the Government ceases to exist *pro tem.;* and this is generally the signal for rebellion and all kinds of lawlessness. In the general confusion the M'zaab tribe revolted in the hope of getting rid of their Bashaw. Probably they hoped to get Shaaki's son appointed in place of the man who had been set over them.

The Governor defended himself in his kasbah with ammunition which he had purchased himself. But his courage and resource did not avail him much, for the Sultan put him in gaol, where he is to this day. As soon as the Sultan felt himself strong enough, he sent an army into the country to punish the tribe. The rebels, hearing what was coming, fled from the district, taking with them all they could carry away. Those who had not joined in the rebellion saw no cause for apprehension and remained on their land in peace. But the troops, having received orders to 'eat up' the tribe, proceeded to do so. They burnt, they slew, they ravaged, they took hundreds of defenceless prisoners, who were treated with the utmost cruelty, so that a good percentage died on the journey to the prison at Rabat. Under such a government it is scarcely to be wondered at if the natives long for some other power in the land than His Shereefian Majesty. Subsequently young Shaaki was appointed Governor, and if the Sultan did not press him for money, he would be a fairly good Bashaw; but this obliges him to be hard at times upon the peasants. Neither has he his father's contented mind, but is said to be imbued with the Moorish love for 'making a pile.'

While I was in Casa Blanca, a feast took place—the feast of first-fruits—and the people held a kind of fair with swings mainly got up by Spaniards. Fathers took their children to the soko and bought them cheap fairings. The first-fruits consisted of walnuts, dates and raisins. Walnuts and dates should always be eaten together, say those who know what is good.

In Casa Blanca this feast is associated with the death of some old man who appears to have been a kind of Guy Fawkes in his day. At all events, he is held up to public execration, and boys and men go from house to house beating tom-toms and asking for money to bury this legendary offender. The better-class Moors indulge in much eating and drinking, and I was always tumbling over some servant or slave engaged in cutting the throat of a fowl in the middle of the street, which unlucky bird was to decorate the kouskous that evening.

One morning I was drinking tea with a friendly Moor, and trying to make the best use of such Arabic as I had picked up. I had a man with me to interpret; but whether one's interpreter is good or bad it is never quite the same thing as knowing even a few words for one's self, and I would rather make a mistake now and again with a little knowledge than be without it altogether.

As we sat on our cushions in an upper room, the Moor asked why I travelled in Morocco, concealing a smile as he spoke by peeping into the teapot. I said that I travelled to see the country and the Moors, in whom I took an interest, and also because I had learnt to love Africa down in the South. He seemed to understand my view perfectly, and to grasp the situation directly, asking me several questions about India, so that I wished I had had Mrs. Greathed with me, for she could have answered them far better than I did.

In common with most of his people, this Moor regretted that Morocco should be 'surrounded' by the French, while the Sultan was too young to cope with his many difficulties. To my surprise this man seemed quite alive to many things which might be done 'to make Barbary better,' and put his finger on the spot when he said that the great evil in his country was that 'Moors ate each other.' He pointed out in his own way the insecurity and confusion inside, and the outside steady pressure to which the country was subjected.

He referred several times to the French advance, from Tuat to Igli—Igli to Tafilat.

But few Moors are either as clever or as enlightened as this man. In talking to them I was sometimes amazed at their ignorance. They are very astute in asking questions, which they have a remarkable knack of arranging so as to form a conclusive argument. To a Moor, Morocco is the greatest country in the world. They do not believe that France can compare with it in any respect, but she is a nasty thing which they would like to drive into the sea and drown, and it is a mystery to them why Allah does not do it for them. Some of them have heard of the British Empire, and they catch at the association with India, and at rumours of prosperity in Egypt, which opens a vista of possibilities for Barbary. Not that the Moors would submit themselves to any outside rule. The world is divided like this—the Moors are men, and their right place is on the top of the world. They are the faithful and the elect of God. But there are Christian dogs and Jews. The Christian dogs are divided into many sorts, but the kind which the Moors object to least is the English. They point out with charming frankness that the English are very useful to the Moors. They bring money into the country, which the Moors get hold of. They have a gift for doctoring complaints—that is why Allah sends them to the coast of Barbary. And besides, certain English merchants have won their respect by neither allowing the Moors to cheat them nor condescending to sharp practice themselves. Even in Casa Blanca I heard from Moors the term 'Consul Spinney's word,' and the Moor who used it put his finger on his lips, signifying that Mr. Spinney's word was as good as his bond. Not that Mr. Spinney stood alone in this respect, but he was certainly a grand instance of a man who made himself trusted and respected by natives in a land where no son trusts his father, and no father trusts his son.

Europeans may be sure that a Moor's heart is full when his purse is full. He will never make a friend of a Christian, but curiosity will carry him some way in asking questions and listening to the answers, and he is the most hospitable man on the face of the earth. They would sit asking me questions for hours, till I became fairly exhausted with giving simple accounts of what were really large problems. But I knew that though they seemed to be learning the questions by heart, and pondering over them, they would go away unchanged in a single opinion or feeling; and all they had heard had no other effect than the passing pleasure and slight stimulant which a Western gets by smoking a good cigar. But at all events I was at least a *good* cigar, and it became almost a habit with some of them to ask me to dine in order to enjoy one of these extraordinary talks, and I went because they were certainly showing me a scrap of humanity which was as novel to me as I was to them.

Of this I am quite sure, that no attempt at playing Moslem will advance one in their confidence or esteem. But I think it is a mistake to suppose that they dislike Jews more than they do Christians upon religious grounds. On one occasion a Moor first asked me if I were a Jew, and being answered in the negative, he turned his head aside, and said: 'Nevertheless, I believe you *are* a Jew.' I told him at once that if he disbelieved me I would drink no tea, and rose to depart; but he called me back with many apologies, and I pointed out to him that his sin (which Allah would remember) was that he had doubted my word, and, like a naughty child, he proceeded to make it up with me by putting extra sugar in the tea, and patting the cushion for me to sit down upon.

The term 'The mad Christians,' which they apply to the English, I at first mistook for contempt. I believe, however, that from a Moor it indicates their belief that we are in some way enjoying a certain amount of favour from Allah, which makes us different from other Christian dogs, and naturally

we do things which cannot be judged by the same standards, which is why some of them adopted an indulgent and even solicitous tone in speaking to me, and overcame some things which otherwise would have shocked them.

'Does the date-palm grow in your country?' I was asked.

'No,' I answered.

'Do oranges like these grow in your country?'

'No.'

'But olives—it may be that they grow in your country?'

'No.'

'Allah! But what *does* grow in your country?'

'Oats,' I replied with warmth.

'Otis? Ah!' Then they chattered among themselves, agreeing that oats were a weed. 'Otis' are of no account in Barbary.

By this means they have demonstrated that Morocco is a very superior country to England. England evidently has nothing in it. But suddenly they are confounded by remembering that the English are very rich and very strong. How *can* that be? No dates—no oranges—no olives—and yet they are rich: where do they get their money from?

Someone suggests they get it out of their ships. True! the English have many ships. The French have ships, but they are poor ships; the English have *many* ships! How many ships has the Sultan of England? They *must* be many, for the Englishwoman says she does not know how many. But I—Omar—have seen all the ships of the Sultan of England. They came to Tangiers. How many were there? Well, it was in this wise: the son of the Sultan of England was in a ship, and so the Sultan sent all his ships to take care of his son, and they came to Tangiers, which was as close to Barbary as they could come. They came in and said 'Bow!' and the Bashaw said 'Bow!' and the ships went away again to take care of the son of the Sultan of England. 'O son of a talking ass, how many ships didst thou see?'

'Well, there were—Wahad, thenine——' And the Moor began to count on his fingers till he got to three, which he called 'klatter.' He broke off to describe the size of the ships, which digression drove the rest of the company wild, for what they wanted to know was the number.

'Nobody knows how many there are! The Englishwoman herself does not know how many!'

I said: 'There were, I believe, eighteen all told; but the King has a great many more ships than that.'

'Yes, we know that very well. He has ships which come to Casa Blanca and take away beans; but they do not say "Bow!" and what we want to know is how many ships the Sultan of England has which can say "Bow!"'

'Yes, truly; that is what Moors wish to know, for it is out of *them* that the English get their money.'

'Those which went with the son of the Sultan of England,' remarked Omar, 'could all say "Bow!"'

'Truly we believe thee! The Sultan of England is a just Sovereign, wise and merciful. He has many ships to make his people rich, and he sends his son in them that he may receive much wealth. Yea, he and his friends will return with many presents and much tribute. It is well to be friends with the English.'

In Casa Blanca there are a good many Moors who are traders of considerable substance. They are charitable according to their light, and consequently there are a great many beggars—blind, halt, and maimed, lazy or needy. Doubtless their histories would be worth inquiring into. They form a kind of fraternity or society amongst themselves, and steal from each other with impunity, for no one would heed their appeal for justice.

The wretched women, some bent with age, others merely reckless, whose husbands divorced them or else were perhaps rotting in gaol, had once been the fairly well-to-do inhabitants of some country village. Now, with every vestige

of self-respect gone, they fought and wrangled and cheated over the handful of blanquillo which we distributed after Friday's mosque. Amongst them I frequently saw children, but as a rule Allah is kind, and removes these poor little souls almost before they are old enough to know the very worst. But upon the back of some loud-tongued, swearing beggar mother a little infant may be seen, his head pillowed upon the dirty rags which partially concealed her person, and there it sleeps the sound and guileless sleep of a baby, with a face like a little angel's, in spite of the yells and execrations which rend the air around.

The dreadful evil of child-marriages was obvious in this neighbourhood. At Rabat I saw a child of ten years old being taken to be married. She was very much dressed and her face was elaborately painted. I do not suppose that actual marriage followed immediately, but a ceremony which consigned her to a certain bridegroom was gone through, and I believe he could claim her at any time. In Casa Blanca matters go much further; and it is not an uncommon case to see two children slapping each other, and find out on inquiry that they are mother and daughter.

A very worrying practice was that of putting children in irons for some trivial offence, such as playing truant. I have seen a poor little boy so heavily ironed that he could scarcely drag himself along. The sound of clanking chains is always a miserable one, but to see a child's limbs being twisted by them is most heart-rending.

I often passed by the house of the Bashaw, and before I left I went to take leave of him. He was a very benevolent-looking old gentleman, with a countenance such as a country clergyman in England might possess. But appearances were never so deceptive. He bore anything but a good character, and the unpleasant sound of someone being beaten was too common. I believe it is quite true that he condemns the prisoner brought before him to be beaten—

not to receive a definite number of lashes, but *to be beaten at his pleasure.* While the beating is going on he resumes his writing, which probably consists of adding up his accounts. When they are tired of beating the prisoner they ask the Bashaw if he has had enough. The Bashaw leans forward and examines the prisoner over his spectacles for a minute, and then says, 'You may go on—go on a little more,' and resumes his occupation. The awful state to which this callous cruelty reduced the prisoners was enough to demoralize any town.

I believe it was to this Bashaw that Captain Cobb was one day talking of the Far West. It is true that the Captain came from the Nutmeg State of Connecticut, where they are so rich in inventions that perchance you may buy wooden nutmegs, seeing that the country does not produce them, and gun flints, made of horn, so resourceful are the people of that province. But the Captain was talking of California. 'Where is that place?' inquired the Bashaw. 'I guess you'd find it six thousand miles further west,' replied the Captain. 'I'd like to go to it,' said the Bashaw—'I'd like to go there to see the sun set.'

So spoke the Governor of the promising commercial city of Dar el Beida, otherwise known as Casa Blanca, who rules without aid of Mayor, Corporation, or Council.

Were the seaport improved by a mole from the rocks, a crane, and a landing-stage, Casa Blanca would develop rapidly. The element of trade is much stronger here than in other towns. The European merchants live in comfortable houses, surrounded with lovely gardens, where trees of heliotrope and masses of pink climbing geranium and blue idumea cover the walls, while the borders are full of larkspur, lilies, sweet-peas, carnations, and stocks. There are gravel-walks carefully swept, and even some attention is given to landscape gardening.

All this points to a large number of well-to-do Europeans

who have granted protection to a number of peasants, who form a prosperous foundation for trade.

Much might be done in finding fresh uses for some of the seeds grown in Morocco. There are some whose very names are unknown in the English markets and whose value is little understood even in Morocco. But the feeling is very decided that Great Britain is losing prestige in Morocco. Claims brought forward by the best of the merchant houses receive but scanty attention, and remain so long unsettled that business is becoming restricted through want of confidence. There is a misfit somewhere in the machinery which other nations have known how to prevent.

Casa Blanca's place in the merchant world is that of a seaport without ships, without wharves, without docks or landing-stages. On the occasion of a ship coming into the roadstead and sounding her horn there is a flutter and a commotion on shore. Lighters sail out to fetch the cargo and sail back again—if they can, and are not driven to the other side of the bay, some six miles out of the town. When, by good luck, they reach the shore, the cargo is flung out on the beach, and the lighter sails back again.

When there is no ship the town is rather quiet and time hangs a bit heavily. During my visit the tedium was relieved by the caprice of a mule, who learnt to pitch her voice exactly to the note of a steamer's whistle. She could deceive even Captain Cobb, and many's the time that Mrs. Greathed put on her bonnet and prepared to pay farewell visits prior to embarking, when she was stopped by the announcement: 'It's that blasted mule again, I declare!'

CHAPTER XIX

ON THE ROAD TO AZEMOUR—A DISTINGUISHED PRISONER—DIFFICULTIES BY THE WAY—A KAID AND HIS KALIPHA—AZEMOUR—MAZAGAN—THE TRADE OF MAZAGAN

ON May 5 I rode out of Casa Blanca on my way to Azemour. I missed Mrs. Greathed very much, and I was very sorry to say good-bye to Captain Cobb, who had been the kindest possible host, and in whose comfortable domicile I felt myself back in the Far West under the Stars and Stripes instead of in the circumscribed limits of an Eastern town, with the barbarous rule of the Red Flag all around me. The track was uninteresting. It dipped into a gorge and rose on the other side with palm-trees cutting the sky-line; otherwise, except for locusts in the creeping stage, and for an encounter with the late Grand Vizier, Sidi Moktar, the road was dull enough.

First I met all the Grand Vizier's wives and his harem. There was a strong armed escort. The women were about forty in number, and very closely veiled. Each woman rode, dressed in white, on her own mule in a Moorish saddle. They looked like so many stuffed dolls, and were to me a horrible sight, but quite outdone by the Grand Vizier. He was a particularly revolting-looking black (or nearly black), and had the audacity to pull his very handsome gray mule into the same track or rut in which I was riding. He did this deliberately; and, as Conrad hates a mule, I could calculate in a moment what the consequences would be, and knew

that I should not care to interfere. However, Allah ordained that just as this son of the Faithful was composing his vile countenance into a disgusting leer, his mule shied—possibly at my hat—and took him bundling and scuffling into the palmetto scrub, so that Conrad never altered his stride. Had I known at the time that this was Sidi Moktar—the great man in disgrace—on his way to prison, stripped and penniless, I might have been less angry. He had been dismissed from office and ordered to Mequinez, and as he was escaping with his money and his wives, he was overtaken at a soko and his money officially looted. The exact sum is not known. There were seventeen mules loaded with dollars, and as his captors were in a hurry, they contented themselves with measuring the cash in muids. Shortly after we had passed him we met about fifty camels and some asses carrying the tents, mattresses, kouskous dishes, and other camp fittings of the late Grand Vizier. In spite of his ruin the whole thing had a sumptuous air, and I could not help contrasting the life of such a man with that of the oppressed, down-trodden, starving peasants as, bending under their loads, they trudged along with their meagre, heavily-laden donkeys.

My new muleteer was not satisfactory. He rode on a mule and loitered with acquaintances. I rode up a hill, and saw him in the distance smoking cigarettes, his complexion shaded by my parasol, to which he had helped himself. He was presently 'rounded up,' and feeling that he had made a mistake, imagined that he could atone for it by driving his mule hard, torturing the brute with a pack-needle to make it go.

A thunderstorm was brewing, and I decided to camp at the first village. Hardly was the tent pitched before the lightning commenced, drawing patterns in the sky which assumed all manner of colours—pink, violet, yellow, green. The thunder rolled, the distant sea roared, and the rain

thrashed the roof of the tent, wherein I sat eating cold roast mutton and drinking coffee cooked over my spirit-lamp.

After a time the artillery in the heavens ceased, the clouds rolled by, and the moon came out white and resplendent. But the animals had not settled down, and hardly was I in bed when a stampede occurred, led, I believe, by Mooleeta. I never knew Conrad use his freedom except to come nearer to where I was. But Mooleeta was off, leading the Kaid's old gray, and stirring up the animals in the village. All my Moors got up and joined in the pursuit. Mooleeta was the first to be captured, but the Kaid went on, and I could see him in a moonlight which was as clear as day whirling round and round after his weird old horse, which looked as if it had stepped out of a tapestry, and screaming at it like a cockatoo.

The shortness of the first day's march obliged us to follow it with a very long one. We went through a country of low bushes about four feet high, which had been trimmed by browsing goats and camels. At intervals the ground was black with locusts. The natives were doing what they could to destroy them by sweeping them up, and either burying them or taking them away in sacks. We halted for lunch by a ruined waterwheel. Ruined kasbahs, and ruined rich Moors' houses were the camping-ground for peasants, who herded their cattle at night inside the spacious courtyards; ruined, roofless cottages stood in fields which had gone back to weeds; peasants of the most poor and destitute class were to be seen at work here and there. At intervals the Sultan has planted kasbahs or fondaks for the protection of travellers, but if people are starving, it is not to be wondered at that they thieve. The pitiful part of it is that no amount of industry will help them. At one time Captain Cobb had tried to introduce American ploughs. The natives were delighted with them, but the price—ten dollars—staggered them. He afterwards tried simple farm implements, but

with the same results. The natives were afraid to buy them. Labour was cheap, for human life is nothing accounted of in Morocco. But no one, even if he had the capital, would dare to show he had ten dollars to spend on a plough. Saints, Bashaws, Kaids, Sultan, would all suddenly remember that they wanted a lamb, an ox, a sheep, or a carpet. If a man had, by any chance, a few dollars, he dug a hole in the ground for them and tried to forget them.

The muleteer wanted to go through to Azemour in the day, which would have meant ten hours on the road; but I would not hear of it, as I wished to keep my own animals fresh. So after eight hours I told the Kaid that we must stop somewhere. He recommended me to go to the house of the Bashaw of the district, which we accordingly did.

It was a large house. The entire space walled in was about 4 acres, as near as I could judge, but its condition was ruinous. It was built by the predecessor of the present Kaid, who was a rich man. The outer wall was some 20 feet high, and the great gate was guarded by soldiers. The present Kaid's name was El Haîma. He was very poor, and had to make what he could out of the peasants.

When the guards, who were sitting in the gateway, saw me coming, they rose and ran inside to give warning; then they returned and walked in with me.

The Kaid was sitting in an alcove doing 'injustice,' and it thrilled me to think that I was standing where so many wretched people had trembled, and that immediately behind me was the court, where they were held down to be flogged —flogged to death sometimes—because they had been a little more industrious and intelligent than others.

The Kaid sat there with his rosary in his hand, for the religious order he belonged to always carries a rosary. He asked who I was and where I came from, was I French or English. He read the letter from Sidi Torres, and was as polite and smooth in manner as possible, but was afraid to

betray ignorance by asking too many questions. He was deeply interested in the account which the Kaid gave him of some sanitas which I had put on the Kaid's bad finger and on Mooleeta's back. It was new to him that English people were 'doctrinas' for horses and mules. The crowd of guards which had collected smothered a laugh when my Kaid told them of the care bestowed on my animals. The Kaid remarked that English people were different to Moors. They were a curious people; he believed they cared much for trifles. By the way, was I a missionary? This displeased my Kaid, who had not felt that his finger was a trifle, and who had no liking for missionaries, and, to my amazement, he proceeded to give an account of my fortune and estate, of the great dignity of my family, and the deep anxiety which the Sultan of England himself felt as to how Moors would behave to me in Morocco.

The Kaid was so fierce that they actually believed him, and the Bashaw rose from his cushion in haste and some confusion, evidently feeling that our pleasant chat was over, and that he must exert himself if he meant to save his neck. He walked away, carrying Sidi Torres' letter in his hand, which he took at once to his Kalipha, timidly indicating before he left that his horses and mules were here and there, if the Englishwoman wished to see them. Of course, I assented, and, accompanied by all the guards, went round the two courtyards. Some of the animals were saddled, and ready to start for anywhere at any time. They were none of them of much account. The favourite horse was a fat black —a cart-horse in front, but with bad hindquarters. The guards admired it immensely; but my Kaid, who knew what I thought, winked at me and said nothing, so of course I praised it. Another was more the stamp of an English hack, but would have sold well at £30 in the London market. Yet another was there, lean and scraggy, with a sore back. This the guards condemned, but it was,

nevertheless, a better stamp of horse than either of the other two.

As we were leaving the courtyard the Kaid came towards us. He was more at ease in his manner. He stopped short and bowed, saying the usual 'Babbicum,' and handed me back Sidi Torres' letter with a smile. He laid a fat hand somewhere under his chin, and assured me that he welcomed me with all his heart. His voice was soft and musical, but he would have spoken in the same tone had he sentenced a peasant to have his throat cut. I thanked him, and went back to my tent, followed by all the loungers as far as the gate. Better manners no one could have had than these guards. Once satisfied that I was English, they became almost confidential. My clothes, especially my hat, struck them, but from first to last there was nothing rude or familiar in their behaviour. It was most unlucky that I could not talk to them. My acquaintance with Arabic only enabled me to catch what was being said sometimes.

The evening was chilly, and it was getting dark, so on my return I set the tea-things, and sat on my bed writing while the water boiled. Meantime, I saw a servant mounted on a mule, with wide, gaping panniers, ride swiftly out of the Kaid's house. He was going to rob the peasants to get the things from them which the Kaid would present to me. A big sugar-loaf, a packet of candles, and some tea arrived, and were brought to my tent. Scarcely had I thanked the bearers for these than three poor hens and a score of eggs were added to the accumulation at the door of the tent, and, lastly, a sack of barley for my animals.

Tea was just finished when my Kaid introduced a stately individual clothed in flowing white raiment, who carried in his hands a small basin crammed with Moorish butter. This was the Kalipha or Deputy-Governor, who came to make me welcome. He nodded to me, and even smiled, but his

dignified manner and the sweep of his drapery seemed too much for me in my tent, where I sat on the edge of my camp-bed. He sat down on his heels, but I offered him a small stool, and he sat down on this, looking grander than ever. I offered him coffee, which he graciously accepted, and it interested him enormously to watch me make it. He was very silent, even reticent, nor would he give himself away by evincing surprise; but when he saw me light my spirit-lamp on the table he shot keen glances at the operation, and scrutinized me to make sure that his eyes had not deceived him. I felt very much like a conjurer giving an entertainment to an audience of one. He spoke in a short phrase or two to my Kaid, to whom all my ways were familiar, and who took a wicked pleasure in the discomfiture of his own people. The Kalipha said that the English had many things which the Moors had not, adding loftily that Moors did not require them; they were better without them.

When I gave him the coffee, which had plenty of sugar in it, he drew a long draught, smacking his lips out of politeness, and, finding it really good, his eyes brightened, and he settled down to really enjoy it. Truly Allah permits the Nazarene to know things which He conceals from Moslems. The Kaid agreed, and pointed out that friendship with Christians of the English kind was advantageous to Moors, for their cleverness and the way they cured people had nothing to do with religion. He himself had been cured by me, and yet I had not made him say any prayers or even listen to them. The Kalipha, on hearing this, said that he suffered from a pain, and laid his hand on his stomach. My Kaid ran forward to feel the Kalipha's stomach, and jumped back with a cry of alarm, and begged me to feel it also. In point of fact, the broad sash covered what I believe was an enlarged spleen. I was asked to prescribe, but, feeling that a course of treatment of some weeks would be necessary, I

demurred. And what a pity it seemed! He was a grand, stately-looking man, with a face full of fire and energy, a round head, a good nose and chin, a broad forehead, and a scar below his turban. He was a tribesman, and not a town Moor. I got out a little remedy which I thought might relieve him. He drank it off with an air of grand indifference, the Kaid standing over him and making a great fuss, as though a troublesome child was being made to take a nauseous dose. Then I gave him two pills to take with him, and, saying 'Salaama,' he rose and left me, walking with the long stride and dignified manner of his race. The next morning, before sunrise, and when it was still dark, I saw him ride out in attendance upon the Kaid to a soko some five hours away. He sat his horse like a Prince, and had far more the air of a Governor than the Kaid.

The ride to Azemour was rendered unpleasant by a dispute between the Kaid and my muleteer, Schaiba. I could not ascertain its grounds, but I gathered that it arose from the Kaid taking a high hand with him anent his abominable cruelties. He had tied two fowls together, leaving them each a leg apiece loose, so that they could struggle and nearly tear each other's legs off. He picked them up and threw them about by the string. I had seen this from my tent, and, walking towards him, ordered the fowls to be killed before we went on. He was very sulky about this, and muttered a good deal. By the time I was mounted he had raised a fury in the Kaid whose existence I never suspected before.

The white walls of Azemour rise abruptly from the water on the south side of the river. It is curious, but all these towns are built on the south side of their rivers. The Um er Rabîa is famous for shad, and there were a great many boats fishing. The ferry was waiting for us, and we crossed with less delay than usual.

In the town another dispute occurred between Schaiba and the Kaid. The former was determined to put up in a fondak in the soko, an evil smelling place, and the Kaid, who knew I always camped outside these towns, told him that I should do so here. Nevertheless, Schaiba drove his mules into the fondak, and came to assure me that this was the only place to put up. I had been riding by myself, taking note of the town, and not attending to what was happening. But, seeing this fondak before me, I called the Kaid, and asked, 'Why?' The Kaid replied in the softest and most mellifluous tones that the señorita could camp as usual outside the town if she wished.

After the animals had been watered and fed, I left the muleteers at the camp, and walked into the town with the Kaid, who took that opportunity of telling me that Schaiba was unbearable, adding the pious petition that Allah might leave him without clothes.

I was immensely interested in some of the old houses, which had devices stamped over their doorways. One which I noticed was a Maltese cross. Elsewhere was that unnatural emblem the crescent enclosing a star, which I suppose indicated that the house had been lived in by some of the Turks who in the eighteenth century came to Morocco.

The Jews are all very poor, and live in a crowded state, which must be very unwholesome. I found one who could speak Spanish. He was very civil, and invited me to his house. There was a movement in the crowd, and a young man, feeling his way because he was quite blind, pushed through the people, saying he had 'come to see the Englishwoman.' They laughed at him, but I was struck with his face. It was so intelligent and so bright that it was positively beautiful. I stretched out both my hands to him, saying, 'Feel the Englishwoman's hands.' But he knew very little Spanish. These people have no school and no hospital. This young fellow lost his sight after an illness.

Such Moors as I saw in Azemour looked at me with a very grim expression. The Kaid was several times asked if I were French.

This town is the last town of the kingdom of Fez. It is principally a fort, built by the Portuguese during their invasion in the sixteenth century. Once more I was struck with the fertility of the surrounding country, which might have made a prosperous town. What a number of well-to-do peasants might be living in that rich province of Dukalla! Along the river, as we were crossing it, I saw rich gardens, where life might be spent most pleasantly, while the town itself, situated at the end of a tidal river navigable for at least twenty miles of its course, could be made a collecting centre for the port of Mazagan, with which it might be connected with a light railway. I wondered whether a staple crop, such as cotton, could not be grown in that valley.

On leaving Azemour we appeared to turn inland, but a difference arose between Schaiba and the Kaid, which I settled by telling Schaiba to go in front where I could see him, and the Kaid to stay behind.

For the last stretch of the march we descended upon the shore, and there I saw the remains of the beautiful iridescent bubble called a 'Portuguese man-o'-war' lying on the sands, total wrecks washed up by the tide. I had seen them at Casa Blanca, but here they seemed to abound.

I remained at the camp until the tents were pitched, and then I rode into the town to call at the Consulate, where Mr. Spinney kindly invited me to dine. Later in the evening the Consul's soldier arrived with a complete dinner, most kindly sent by Mrs. Spinney.

The position of my tent was extremely windy; in fact, I had no peace or comfort, except at night, for all day I was plagued with flies and a gale of wind. But I was close to the sea, and my bath could be filled from the sea every day, which was very pleasant.

The Moorish authorities have prohibited the increase of the town of Mazagan by building. They say if people wish to live in a town they can go to Azemour, which is empty; but if Azemour does not suit them, let them come to Marakish. The natives get over the house difficulty by building themselves conical huts outside the radius of the town, so that my tent looked out upon more than one good-sized village.

Protection is viewed controversially here as at Casa Blanca. How otherwise could business be carried on? who would grow enough for export?—ask those in favour of it. A quack remedy, unjust in its very inception, open to corruption. Do away with it, and the Moorish officials will love us and be good, and the Sultan must 'do something'—say those opposed to it.

I find it is difficult to tell what is quackery nowadays, and it was plain to me that the East is so made that the Sultan is an essential part of it; that direct measures of reform are incompatible, if, as they must, they aim at the Court directly. The Court cannot reform.

Business in Morocco is very much what it was two or three hundred years ago, and consists of buying native produce and selling calicoes, and in the difference between gold and silver. There is no such thing as any corporation in the country to compare with the Hudson Bay Company, no mining enterprise such as De Beers. There is no bank or railway passing through the land, leaving everywhere the trail of facilitated and promoted schemes and commercial or industrial concerns bound up with themselves.

The bankers, who are generally called agents, buy produce, cereals, or hides. They ship it for their own account. They draw a bill on their consignee in London for two-thirds of the value of the cargo, and sell this draft to Moors who are requiring British goods. With the proceeds they go on buying produce. The bank sells a draft on Manchester;

the Moor buys it at 38½d., the value of the dollar being less than 36d., and the Moor sends a draft to Manchester for goods: the premium goes to the bank.

The Moors are now great importers of Manchester goods. The goods are shipped in the agent's name, thus giving him a lien, and rendering him secure; but the Moors pay for them at once on their arrival, because it is to their interest to do so. I am told that this description of business is common all over the East, and that it is quite up to date so far as the East is concerned. But we are accustomed to look to railways, waterworks, tramways, etc., as among the opportunities of a new country.

It would be very difficult to say how much British capital is employed in trade in Morocco. It is said that there is not more than £100,000. On all sides I was told that the profits were not what they used to be, and many merchants seemed greatly disheartened. Nevertheless, Mazagan had increased in importance. It had captured most of the trade of Saffi and rivalled Casa Blanca, some saying that in time it would draw away trade from Casa Blanca as it had from Saffi. The large warehouses in Mazagan which were being erected seemed to substantiate the truth of these statements. There was considerable rivalry among exporters, and the Moors who brought in produce were often in great request. The exports from this port include almonds, both sweet and bitter, gum, walnuts, and cummin-seed.

It was impressed on me that one remedy for oppression lay in the Kaids and Bashaws giving a receipt for taxes. But I failed to see how any such measure, however just in theory, would prevent other injurious practices under a government which is open on all sides to abuses. For instance, M'nebbi, the newly appointed Grand Vizier, introduced the payment of taxes in French louis, instead of Moorish dollars. The way it worked was as follows: The Minister of Finance had a deposit of French louis. When

the Kaids and Bashaws arrived to pay into the treasury their annual contributions of taxes or tribute, they went, as usual, to the Grand Vizier, who said: 'Go and buy louis; all taxes are to be paid in louis this year.' They went to the Minister of Finance, who alone in Marakish had louis to sell, and the Minister sold the louis at a premium of half a dollar on each louis. This transaction positively raised the value of the louis in Europe.

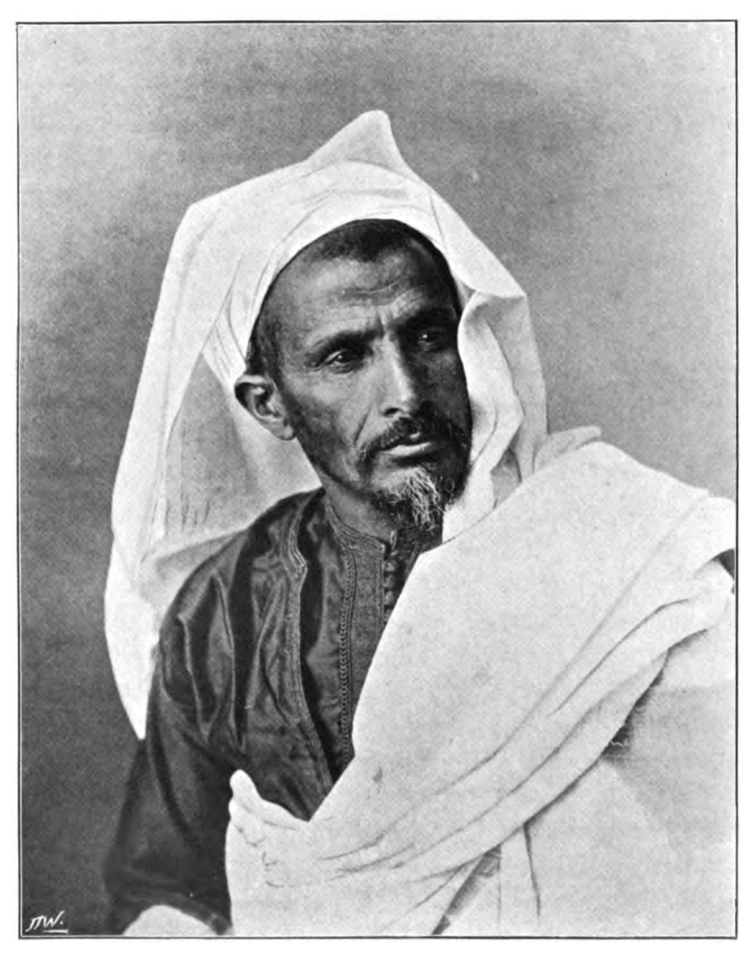
The Jew is a factor in Barbary which cannot be disregarded, and the French understand that very well. The position of the Jews in any country is singular. They are not a class, but a people. They have no country, and yet they are in nearly every country. They are not heard as a people; their great men rise as 'the voice of one,' and the cry is directed towards the whole world. Perhaps more than any other race, they unite intellect and mental activity with strong energetic character. For patience, determination, and dogged perseverance they are so remarkable that even the lowest of them offers a stratum on which something might be built. This is the case in Morocco. The Jews are actually part of the population, and though I do not believe that they feel any appreciable affection for the land of their birth, there is more homogeneity amongst them and a clearer conception of the wrongs which render the land difficult to live in and impossible to develop. All nations have had a hand in moulding the Jewish character, and as their methods have been much alike, the Jew is in all countries similar. The hardest point in the Jewish character is his religion—a religion of fear and propitiation. The orthodox Jew is no less difficult a subject to bring into line with modern affairs than is the Moslem. Therefore it would be a dire calamity to depend too much upon the Jews in Barbary, because they are better educated, as they promised to become, and because they form, as they undoubtedly do, a medium between Moors and Westerns. It is a curious fact that the Jews actually

present a concrete existence undisturbed by differences in religious orders, free from the petty dominion of Shereefs or saints, and with no tribal animosities. It would therefore naturally be a temptation to select them for the grafting of new forms in which the national life of Barbary might develop. Up to a certain point, the Jew would form a very fair stick wherewith to train the Moor; but the natures of the two races are distinct, and laws which would benefit the Jews would not always suit the Moors, and *vice versâ*.

The Barbary Jew will not fight, he has not pride enough for decency, and his nerves are simply deadened. The Moor is eminently a fighting man, even the poorest is intensely proud; they are very high-strung. These differences render the Moors capable of things to which the Jew can neither attain nor understand.

To the Jew the love of his own people has taken the place of love of country, and after centuries of the most cruel oppression it would be expecting too much of human nature for him, if given the chance, not to turn upon the Moor and torture him in a civil and sociable manner, as Jews know very well how to do; and such is their belief in the effect of vengeance, that beyond a doubt, were they in a position to wipe off old scores, the Moor would get scant mercy.

There are amongst them some enlightened men. Neither is it strange nor wonderful that England has produced not merely many distinguished Jews, but that in England the Jews are less bitter and less antagonistic than elsewhere. National life is not closed to the Jew in England, and at once his character changes for the better, and he becomes patriotic. This feeling is so marked at times when it might least be expected, that I believe the last race to make a stand to save the Empire would be the Jews. It was in Barbary, and from a Barbary Jew, that I heard the



Mr. Cavilla photo: Tangiers.

A MOOR.

strongest testimony to the value of Englishmen as administrators.

The Barbary Jew pedlar or small merchant is the hardest-working and hardest-living creature on earth. His past training has been such that to-day he can travel faster, live cheaper, and work harder than anyone else. Putting aside the saying that the Barbary Jew lives on an onion and a piece of bread in the morning, and a piece of bread and a radish in the evening, I have seen them travelling without mercy to themselves or their animals. They might have been made of bronze and with stomachs of flint. The consequence of this to trade is evident. He easily undersells all competitors, and yet he lives. Should he fail, he is indifferent to the disgrace. But he is not likely to fail. At any rate, he will enjoy a career of some years' duration, for he knows how to make one rope take the strain of another, like a spider's web. He will have used or abused his position which the credit of Manchester houses has given him, to get the 'cinch' on the Moors. His import trade has enabled him, by showing sufficient manifests, to secure Protection for a certain number of natives, and this is too profitable, too easy a blood-sucking business for him to rashly risk losing it by going bankrupt. He has a direct motive for underselling, because the larger his import manifests the more Protection he can give. It is said, however, that at last the British manufacturers have seen that they are not nursing their trade by injuring merchant shippers through giving credit to men who trade in an irregular manner.

The policy of the Jew is clear and even commendable, neither is there any policy in Barbary to withstand him. He gets the best education he can, he emigrates, probably to Brazil, and becomes a citizen of Brazil; then he returns to Barbary, and gets what credit he can to start business in a country which he understands better than anyone else. This is no case for reiterating the old truism that the

true function of government is so to regulate the State that individuals may operate even against their will for the good of the State. For if Moors or Christians object to Jews, they should reflect that it is they and not the Jews who are responsible for the political and social condition of Barbary, where most things are going to the Jews.

The banking in Morocco does not promote, as it does in Canada, the development of the country. In Canada, if a man sees his way to a good enterprise—a pulp-mill, or saw-mill, or other industrial undertaking—the bank, after duly examining the business, will advance him money on easy terms. As his business succeeds and increases, all the payments are made through the bank, and perhaps the mill becomes the nucleus of a new township, where the bank does all the business so far as finance is concerned. In Morocco no one dreams of enterprise, no one has any scheme, industrial or otherwise. The Moors would say, 'The Christians are taking our country; we must stop them.' If a Moor makes money he is put in prison for it, and it is taken from him.

But at Mazagan there is a petroleum engine of English build, of 400 horse-power, belonging to an Italian. It grinds flour and makes macaroni callantita, vermicelli, and semolina, besides sawing imported timber into deals. It is capable of grinding 4,000 kilos of wheat per diem, and making 400 loaves of bread, which are baked in a large oven heated by dried palmetto-leaves, a load of which, weighing 50 kilos, costs fivepence. Imported from Algiers, the same palmetto-leaves are sold in Marseilles for 20 francs the 100 kilos. The export of palmetto from Morocco is forbidden, and so is the export of wheat, but this engine enables both to be exported in the shape of macaroni, vermicelli, etc. Wheat is cheap, owing to the prohibition, and the Moroccan wheat is especially suitable for these manufactures. The Moors are learning to appreciate macaroni, and there is

sometimes so large a demand that there is none left for export.

But the mill at Mazagan, though it was the largest enterprise of the kind, is not the only one in Morocco. There was one at Casa Blanca and another at El Kasar. The mill at Casa Blanca grinds at about the rate of 700 pounds of wheat per diem. Previous to the erection of these mills, all the flour was ground either by women working at the old hand-mills or else by horse-mills, which turned out about 3 or 4 bushels a day. The stones used by the Moors are very soft, and the bread contains a great deal of grit. At Casa Blanca the Moors found that it paid them to have the grain put through the mill and sift the bran from it by hand at home. They appreciated getting the grain ground at a fixed price, without any portion of it being subtracted. In consequence of the popularity of the method, the old horse-mills were stopped, and their owners sent criers round the town promising that they would be honest in future if people would bring them their corn again; but the Moor, if he is turned, is generally turned for good.

In Mazagan I came upon a form of Protection which was new to me. It seems that if a native were seized by the officials and a banker came forward and said, 'This man owes me a considerable sum of money,' the man could not be put in prison. Perhaps for this reason the Moors have declared money-lending to be illegal. It interfered with their profits. But they go even further, and object to Europeans doing business on a large scale with Moors. A European once gave me an instance, saying of a Moor who had been recently put in prison, 'I have done business with that man for years, and I went and offered to pay anything he might owe for taxes, but the official said, "No; what I want is that you do not do any more business with him."'

There is a significant sentence in Mr. Spinney's consular report for 1900: 'However beautiful the crops may be, it is impossible that trade can improve until the taxation may be of a more lenient nature and the Arabs allowed to remain with some buying power.'

of the United States held back. 'The representatives of all the Powers supported Spain.' And this unity was not to obtain a single reform. It was to secure the payment of an indemnity to a needy, greedy, corrupt old country, and the wholesale murder of a mountain tribe for a single action far less criminal than thousands which take place every night in Paris, London, and Madrid.

Could Western diplomacy have found no higher common ground of accord and assent? Here the East, weakened as it is by the simple savagery of Africa, offered a chance for the solution of problems which render the Mediterranean a sea of danger, by the political extension of those commercial laws which are the best basis of understanding between all people, and whose promulgation in the councils of the world is the natural aim of true civilization.

THE END

BILLING AND SONS, LTD., PRINTERS, GUILDFORD